

The

# Hearthstone

Magazine for the Christian Home



- The Boy from Abilene—*Marilyn Tavelker*
- Enjoying the Bible at Home—*Ed and Harriet Dowdy*

The *H* Magazine for the Christian Home  
**Hearthstone**

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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### "The Sweet Calm Sunshine of October"

Is William Cullen Bryant's tribute to fall's golden month, October. For many of us it is the loveliest month of the year. The weather is usually just about right, neither too hot nor too cold, too wet nor too dry. Nature puts on her brightest and most charming colors to make a walk through the woods a pageant of wonder and delight.

Our father and son cover pals are anticipating another of the thrills of October. The boy seems a bit doubtful as to whether he'll enjoy it but he's sure of a thrill. He'll be glad to have his father close if he should meet this grinning creation on a dark night!

● **What's Here . . .** Fifth birthday issue of *Hearthstone*. (Do not let the volume number confuse you; the first volume was only three issues.) We are sure you'll enjoy reading about David and Ida Eisenhower and their family including the boy from Abilene who became President of his country. Royce Sterling puts in a good word for the ancient and honorable profession of raising children in "It's Worth the Struggle." Parents will also get some help in their teaching responsibilities with two-year-olds from Elizabeth Tibbals. Ed and Harriet Dowdy give a few tips on using the Bible in the home and enjoying it at the same time. "Doers of the Word" is a simple, but profound, account of a humble family that took seriously Jesus' words, "As you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me." Nancy Brewer tells about some unusual birthday gifts.

You will notice that the worship section with its material for families with young children is dressed up differently and, we hope, more helpfully usable. All the other regular features are here for your inspiration and encouragement.

● **What's Coming . . .** November's issue of *Hearthstone* will bring you, among other things, a bit of the boyhood life of one of the world's greatest men, Winston Churchill, and his parents. Frances Heron will tell you how her family widened home walls at Thanksgiving time to take in the "strangers within our gates." As our sports world begins to speculate on probable "bowl game" opponents, you'll find "The Game in the Peace Bowl" gives you a different slant. There will be a great deal more of the fine material you have come to expect to find in your favorite family magazine.

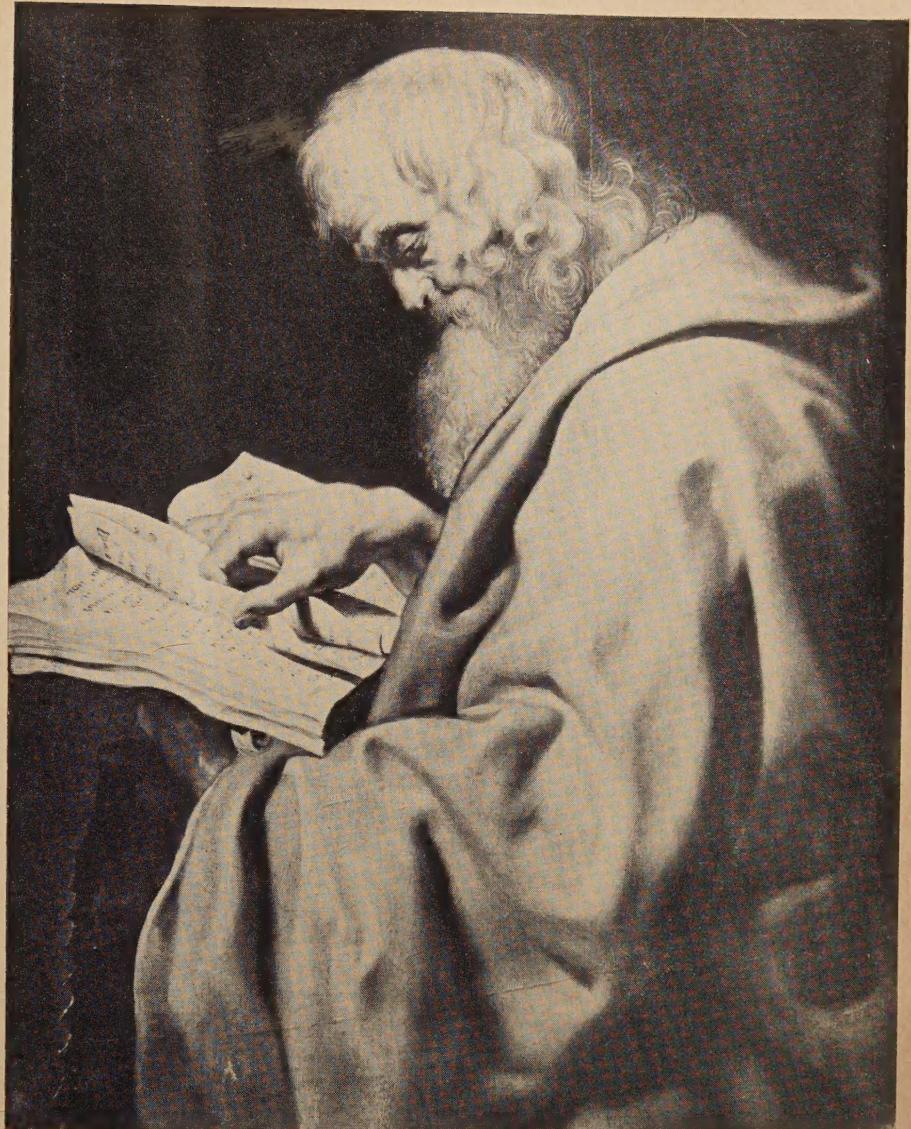
A closing word of thanks to Mrs. Dorothy Eicks who very capably, quickly, and graciously carried many responsibilities for *Hearthstone* for several months.

A Word

from

The Word

Simon



—Three Lions

—Painting by Peter Paul Rubens  
(Flemish School: 1577-1640)

" . . . Simon who was called the Zealot."

—LUKE 6:15

Oh, how I love thy law!

It is my meditation all the day.

Thy commandment makes me wiser than my  
enemies,

for it is ever with me.

I have more understanding than all my teachers,  
for thy testimonies are my meditation.

I understand more than the aged,  
for I keep thy precepts.

I hold back my feet from every evil way,  
in order to keep thy word.

I do not turn aside from thy ordinances,  
for thou hast taught me.

How sweet are thy words to my taste,  
sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Through thy precepts I get understanding;  
therefore I hate every false way.

—PSALM 119:97-104.

# The Boy from Abilene

Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love,  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

The strains of this old song and others like it drifted often from the white frame house in Abilene, Kansas, where David Jacob Eisenhower and his family lived. David's wife, née Ida Elizabeth Stover, played the piano as the clear voices of her six sons rang out on the cool night air. One of the voices had great difficulty staying on key, and Ida smiled as she noticed it among the others. It was the voice of her third son, Dwight David Eisenhower.

He belonged to a deeply religious family who believed strongly in the Bible. The ancestors on both sides of Dwight's family had fled Germany because of religious persecution and had come to America where they could practice their beliefs freely.

Dwight's grandfather, Jacob, was pastor of a Mennonite Church, called the Brethren in Christ, in Elizabethville, Pennsylvania, where his home was used as a meeting place. The Brethren, called the "Plain People" because of their simple dress and simple way of living, were noted for their uncompromising pacifism and severe piety. Jacob's strict beliefs had

passed on to Dwight's father, David.

By the time Dwight was born, however, his parents' religion had become more tolerant as to dress and other practices. Still the family continued to believe strongly in the Bible and the children looked forward to the nightly songfests and weekly Scripture sessions where each one took his turn reading Bible stories.

Dwight memorized many passages of the Bible then which he can still quote today. His strict religious training included the virtues of cleanliness, truthfulness, self-discipline, and honesty.

The Eisenhower boys in 1910 with their father and mother. The boys are left to right: Dwight, Edgar, Earl, Milton (in curls), Arthur, and Roy.



—RNS

## By Marilyn Twelker

QUOTATIONS HAVE BEEN INCLUDED FROM GENERAL IKE EISENHOWER, BY LOVELACE, AND HAVE BEEN USED BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER, THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY.

On Sunday mornings the family attended Sunday school together at the Brethren in Christ Church. Afterward the day was work day for the boys and rest day for their parents. While the elder Eisenhowers attended the adult church services in the afternoon, the boys prepared Sunday dinner.

On one occasion the apple pie they were making went through a most unusual process. Dwight and his older brother Edgar had been assigned the job of making the pie crust. During the process Dwight was struck by the resemblance between the pie dough and a baseball.

Being staunch baseball fans, the boys could not resist the opportunity to play a practice game, using the pie dough for a ball. During the skirmish the dough was dropped several times on the kitchen floor. Although the crust was a bit gray when they got through,

they used it for the pie anyway. As the family began on the dessert that day, Mother Eisenhower remarked, "You boys did a good job on the pie, but the crust seems a little tougher than usual."

It wasn't until years later that the boys told her what had happened.

DWIGHT was born on October 14, 1890, in the little town of Denison, Texas, where his father worked on the railroad. When Father Eisenhower was offered a job as head engineer of the Belle Springs Creamery, the family moved to Abilene, Kansas. Dwight was only two, and he has always considered Abilene his home town.

Their first house in Abilene was a cramped bungalow in the center of town. Upon the constant pleadings of Mother Eisenhower, however, they moved to a larger home

on the outskirts of the community when Dwight was eight years of age. It had a barn where the children could play and enough land around it to raise fruits and vegetables for the dinner table, with some left over to sell to their wealthier neighbors. Since Father Eisenhower earned only \$50 a month at the creamery, the extra money came in handy for the baseball bats and footballs that Dwight and his brothers set their hearts on having.

With the additional land, the six Eisenhower offspring had new duties to perform. Their performance was supervised by their mother, who, in keeping with her religious beliefs, taught the boys to do necessary jobs quickly and well. If a chore was not done correctly the first time, it was repeated until it could pass inspection. Dwight, with his brothers, learned that rewards must be won, not gained without effort. When the chores were completed, however, there was always time left over for play.

The boys had regular assignments, which were alternated each week to avoid becoming monotonous. Dwight and his five brothers thus learned to hoe, milk the cow, feed the chickens, cut kindling, bug potatoes, swill the pigs, and pitch greens for the rabbits.



Sixteen years later in Abilene the boys pose again with their mother and father in a different grouping. The sons left to right are: Arthur, Edgar, Dwight, Roy, Earl, and Milton.

Dwight and Edgar did most of the planting, for they had what their mother termed "planter's hands" and things seemed to grow well for them. "Dwight didn't much like shaking the bugs off the potatoes," Mother Eisenhower remembered later. "But he was good at hoeing."

Ida Elizabeth knew that giving her boys this work to do was helping to build character. She realized that without useful outlets for their energy her healthy, fun-loving offspring would be likely to get themselves in trouble.

One day, while the Smokey Hill River was in flood, she had given Dwight and Edgar the job of gathering firewood. Somehow the two boys got sidetracked, found an abandoned boat, and set sail on a little stream that emptied into the swollen river.

Oblivious to the danger of the flood, the adventurers laughed as the swirling craft drifted closer and closer to the river. At home, Mother Eisenhower became worried. It wasn't like her sons to run off without doing the chores—and it was getting late. Fortunately a farmer saw the boys in their tiny boat and stopped them before they reached the dangerous Smokey Hill River.

When the two tired boys returned home, the afternoon was nearly gone. But the firewood still had to be brought in and the evening chores completed. It was late that night when all the work was finished—but it was finished. The boys learned a lesson they would not forget.

Edgar and Dwight were always getting themselves into arguments which ended in brotherly battles. Although Edgar was the stronger of the two and usually won the bouts, Dwight always put up a good fight. Realizing that her sons were merely working off surplus physical energy, Mother Eisenhower seldom interfered with their squabbles. She was untroubled with the possibility of lasting damage—either physical or mental.

During his early childhood it became evident that Dwight was in-

ventive. Often he had to take his turn pushing a younger brother's baby buggy. Instead of merely rocking the carriage, Dwight would lie on the floor, and pull the buggy back and forth by grasping the front and back axles alternately. "The rest of us just pushed," Edgar remembers now. "He figured something out."

Mother Eisenhower had been called upon to make many of her own decisions when she was young and she taught her sons to make their own decisions also. For Dwight there came a very crucial one just before he reached his teens.

While playing football one day, he fell and skinned his knee. Although he noticed nothing unusual directly after his fall, he woke up two days later to see that his leg had become swollen and blue. Blood poisoning had set in. After a thorough examination the doctor told Dwight that his leg must be amputated or there would be little chance for his survival. It was a difficult decision to make. "I would rather die," Eisenhower finally announced, "than go through life without a leg."

Through some miracle, the crisis was reached and passed. Aided by extreme physical stamina, Dwight's recovery was rapid. He had made a decision of his own—and would live to make many more.

PART of Ida Elizabeth's tact in handling her sons came from her practice of holding their father as a court of last appeal. "Your father won't like this at all," she told them when they began to get too wild. "If you keep on he will certainly have a bone to pick with you."

Edgar remembered years later that the "bone to pick" was her solemnest threat, which she very seldom used. Usually her own orders were enough. Most of the time Dwight saw little of his father, who was unable to be around his sons because of his job at the creamery where he worked long hours and, in addition, was on call day and night.

He was a quiet man, noted for honesty and promptness in paying his bills. Despite his small salary, he managed to pay all his debts on the first of the month. He had an aversion to bills and no Abilene storekeeper found it necessary to send him any because he was so prompt without them.

He spent much of his spare time working on a chart of the ages. It demonstrated how the angles of the pyramids prophesied events foretold in the Bible. Through this study he showed his deep belief in the Bible and revealed the many hours he must have spent in exploring its beauties and spiritual significance as well as its prophetic mysteries. Dwight was always fascinated by this chart. Upon its completion, it became one of the family treasures.

David Jacob Eisenhower was particularly noted for his modesty. The fact that Dwight inherited his father's disapproval of vanity and conceit was demonstrated during his high school career.

It was the custom each year for a boy from the north side of the tracks to fight a boy from the south side. The north side champ was a tough fellow fully aware of his prowess. He boasted continually about his superior strength. Dwight, who as the south side contender was smaller, at length took him on and in an epic battle lasting over two hours, beat his opponent, teaching him that modesty is the better policy. After the experience the two fighters became the best of friends.

Today, we see the results of the training that has made Eisenhower one of the greatest men of our day. A man who, as in his childhood, still finds time to sing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and does not forget the virtues taught him when he was a boy in Abilene.

Upon returning to his home town of Abilene during his campaign for the presidency, Eisenhower talked of his mother and father and of the ideals they had taught his five brothers and himself—integrity, courage, and self-confidence based on an unshakable belief in the Bible.

*Results justify any expenditure of time, energy, or love when parents see their sons and daughters grow into dependable Christian adults*

By Royce Sterling



—By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

## It's Worth the Struggle

Martha lay still. Her white face, usually lined with smiles, looked drawn and older. Through the receding months she had not known a well day or full night's sleep. Now it was over. As she clasped her husband's hand tightly, a nurse came in and laid small pink bundle in her arms. Slowly she peeked under the blanket and there she saw the miracle of life. A new light came into Martha's eyes and a smile wrinkled her nose as she welcomed this little new life into her heart and home. Both she and her husband knew it had been worth the struggle.

Volumes could be written about types of parents, but we will consider only one group at this time; the conscientious Christian parents of teen-agers who are facing problems which are discouraging and baffling, and heartaches that seem almost insurmountable.

When stories about juvenile delinquency are published in the newspaper, they are the source of detached sorrow to Christian parents, but when this same juvenile delinquency comes to our own doorstep, it becomes a vital and living tragedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunn and their two sons, Ray and Tom, were active in the work of a fine suburban church. Both boys were leaders in their own way; Ray was a singer and cornet player and Tom was president of his youth fellowship group.

In Ray's junior year in high school he organized a five-piece band. It became a hit right away and soon was in demand for dances and parties. The family was elated over his success. His interest in church continued. His parents believed that with the help of the church they could . . . "bring a child up in the way . . .," and they had truly tried to do this. They never thought about pitfalls for Ray; he had always been so strong, capable, and dependable. But during his senior year, he changed. The change had taken place so gradually that his parents were unaware of it until it became so apparent that even they had to admit something was wrong. He was moody, rude, and evasive, and often resorted to lying. During one of these spells his father reprimanded him, and he went angrily to his room and locked himself in. His parents took their problem to God in prayer.

Later they decided to go to their son and have a long talk with him. They knocked and called at his door, but received no answer. Tom came in then and after discussing the situation with his parents, he climbed a ladder up to Ray's window. He found Ray, face down on the floor, dead. Accident or suicide? No one will ever know. From a diary they learned that a girl, who was a stranger in the area, had started him smoking. Then came marihuana and the same old story of *dope*. The girl was a "pusher" for a big narcotics ring.

What did these parents do about it? Did they blame God? Did they cry out in rage, "Why has this happened to us when we've done our best?" Did they try to soft-pedal the whole thing, for their pride's sake? Did they run away where they would be unknown? Did they give up their church work, in protest against God? They did none of these things; rather they discussed it with the right people in their church and community and through their efforts the whole area became aware of this serpent which had raised its head in their midst. Though nothing could ever erase the sorrow from the hearts of Ray's parents, they knew that many other young people were saved from this living death because they had had the courage to look beyond their own grief and pride.

Some problems are not as tragic but, unsolved, they create the misfits of this and every generation. Marjorie's parents faced one of these problems.

Marjorie, a high school sophomore, was popular. She could take her pick of the boys. Her mother noticed, with growing concern, that her friends were constantly changing. A boy would be the topic of all her conversation for a short time, and then he would get an icy breakoff over the phone. After this had happened several times, her mother questioned her, "Wasn't the boy nice? Had he insulted her? What was wrong?" Marjorie finally admitted that each boy had been "swell," but she got bored with each of them after a while and that was the easiest way to get rid of them. Besides, there was a new "dream boat" in the school, and she was going to "get him" for the spring festival, so she just had to get rid of the latest boy friend.

Her mother, without showing her displeasure or concern, encouraged Marjorie to talk about the boys and girls she had brushed off. As the girl made word pictures, some of the spark left her eyes, her voice became less steady, as if she doubted the wisdom of her actions of the past.

As she hesitated, her mother asked a question, "What will happen when you exhaust the line of boys you want to be with?"

"After all, I haven't been out with *every* boy in the school."

"That is so, dear, but don't forget boys talk to boys, and news travels quickly."

In the next few weeks the "dream boat" didn't give Marjorie a tumble. For the first time in her teen-age life she did not have bids for dates.

In the weeks that followed, her parents tried to reach her, to talk with her; but Marjorie, filled with false pride and hurt, sealed her lips and put on an indifferent attitude. All this time her mother prayed earnestly that God would give her wisdom to guide her daughter. When Marjorie put aside her pretense and turned to her parents for guidance and consolation, she found love and understanding.

Parents have a great responsibility to their children not only to know their friends but to be aware of how they treat them. Guidance can determine the "bigness" of the man- or woman-to-be.

Every parent needs to learn that each state of a child's growth leads into the next one; and, under good guidance, the child becomes self-reliant and independent. But just as surely as a baby should not be rushed into walking before he can sit up, neither should a teen-ager be rushed into adulthood by responsibilities and decisions too great for his experience or judgment.

A parent who has done his best during each stage of his child's development will find that he, too, has grown with the child in understanding and wisdom, and that it was worth the struggle.

Parents who have been the most successful as counselors to their children have had or developed these basic characteristics.

1. Their home and habits are in keeping with the teachings of Christ.
2. They take their problems to God in prayer.
3. The Bible is an open book to the whole family.
4. They accentuate the positive in their thinking and guidance.
5. They learn to listen to the whole story—whether a problem, a joyous experience, or just teen-age chit-chat.
6. Both parents and child make decisions on issues where the future and security of the young person or the family could be jeopardized.
7. Calmness, at least outwardly, is a "must" in all situations where good judgment and wisdom must preside.

Parents have the right to feel that it is worth the struggle with growing teen-agers when they have guided and shared with their sons or daughters in the overcoming of a crisis, the solving of a problem, or achieving a goal. For such results Christian parents gladly give time, energy, prayer, love, money, or whatever else is needed in the struggle. They know that it was worth while to have persevered, had patience, shown unmeasured love, faith, and understanding when they see their teen-age son or daughter growing up as a Christian, showing the "fruits of the spirit," and maturing in Christian judgment and responsibilities.

All parents need to know and use the resources for the struggle that are available in the Christian faith and fellowship. "If any of you lacks wisdom, let him ask God who gives to all men generously and without reproaching." (James 1:5)

# Welcome Stranger

A Story by MARY MEADORS

OF COURSE," Gloria said, running the slender tips of her fingers over the pattern of the fork that was laid out beside her plate. "Of course...." She looked across at her young husband who was eating his steak with gusto.

In this first two years of marriage she had found herself saying "of course" quite often. There just wasn't anything she wouldn't do to please Rod.

"I know it's a lot to ask of you, honey," he went on, between eager mouthfuls. "She's not your blood kin, and you've never seen her. But she has no place else to go if we don't take her in...."

"But I want to," answered Gloria, suddenly compassionate. But at the back of her mind there was the beginning of a remote panic. A strange eight-year-old child! And if she came now, it could well be forever. If there was no place else for her to go at this time, how could anyone expect a place to develop?

"I knew you'd do it." Rod smiled across at her, and his eyes held the glowing warmth that she loved to see in them when they talked together. "So I sent them a wire this afternoon. She'll arrive tomorrow."

For the first time Gloria had a sharp stab of misgiving. He might at least have waited until after he'd spoken to her! "What—" he fumbled for words, trying to make her voice seem light, "what did you say her name was, Rod?

Good heavens—my niece, and I don't know her name...." They both began to laugh, and the misgiving disappeared.

"Beth."

"Oh, yes, I keep forgetting Beth was Jill's child." There was an awkward silence, then she managed to go on. "It must be hard on the little thing. She was old enough to miss her daddy when he got killed in Korea, and then to have her mother go so soon, in the automobile accident. Did they tell her?"

"I didn't ask," Rod said somberly. "There were so many other things to discuss, and I didn't want to run up the phone bill. It's hard to think of everything to say on long distance, especially when it's news like that."

"I know." Gloria picked up the fork, toying with it. "What time is she coming?"

"She'll take the early train out, so it will be the 7:20."

"I—" Gloria so much wanted to say the words, but she was lost as to how to put them. "Isn't it really harder on Beth to come here? I mean, there's Sandy.... I should think it would be kinder to let her stay with Sandy—at least for a while."

"Sandy hasn't any room, Gloria. With five of her own—well, I just thought since we had only the baby—"

"Of course," Gloria interrupted. "I—was just thinking of Beth. But it's all decided."

She picked up her fork finally and began to eat. "You'll pick her up at the station then?"

"I thought it would be better if you would. I'll stay with the Punk." "The Punk" had been Rod's playful name for his own one-year-old son. It was, in a way, an attempt to cover up his tremendous pride, and Gloria smiled.

"But she's seen you," Gloria explained. "She'd feel more at home...."

"I doubt if she remembers me," Rod answered. "And she's not used to men. She'll take to you right off, I know. Anybody would."

Gloria smiled. Already there was a little well of resistance backing up inside her for this strange child that belonged to somebody else. She wondered if Beth would "take to her" if she could see inside her heart.

"I'll do my best," she said resolutely.

The next evening it was raining, and as Gloria drove to the depot she wondered if the gloomy weather was any indication of what was to come. A whole day alone with her thoughts hadn't improved the situation.

The train was late, and when it finally came in, with a loud clatter of brakes and hissing of steam, Gloria looked anxiously about. For a moment her heart gave a hopeful lurch. Perhaps they had decided to keep Beth, after all.

But the conductor finally got down with a small girl in tow, and Gloria stepped forward. "I think you must be looking for me," she said brightly. "I'm Mrs. Allyn, and this must be Beth Holmes."

The quick brown eyes of the child darted up to her face, and the conductor nodded, handing her a small suitcase. And then they turned, the little girl and the woman, and started walking toward the inside of the station.

"We're happy to have you with us, Beth," Gloria said, wondering what to say. The child said nothing. Inside they paused a moment, and Gloria bought some children's books from one of the stands. "These are for you," she said, giving them to Beth. The girl took them without uttering a word.

It was the same in the car on the way home, and after they arrived. Rod was there, then, to help with the conversation. But the most they could get from the little-girl was a whispered "Yes."

They finally got her tucked in bed, and settled themselves in the living room as always. But the evening seemed strangely different. *It's like something has come between us*, though Gloria. *Having a stranger in the house.*

"She must be going to school," Gloria broke the silence.

"Oh—yes, I guess so. You can find out about it tomorrow," Rod answered, turning back to his evening paper. Gloria felt a twinge of anger. He'd had all evening, while she was gone for his niece, to read the paper, and now the only comment he had to make was that she could take care of the school tomorrow.

"Well, I guess I'll go to bed," she said finally. "Coming, Rod?"

"In a moment, dear."

The next day was more than Gloria had anticipated. In order to take Beth to school she had to drive Rod to work, and in order to do that, she had to dress both children and take them along. The rain had stopped, but the air was damp and cut through with a spring chilliness. She hoped that the baby would not catch a cold.

"Good heavens, he's strong as

an ox!" Rod told her. "If you put any more blankets on him he'll smother."

Gloria said nothing, but she couldn't help thinking that if it weren't for Beth, none of this would be necessary. They drove downtown in silence, and only when she was driving back home did Gloria try to reason with herself. *I'm selfish, she thought. I must try harder to adjust to this new situation. After all, the poor little thing is such a quiet tyke. Somebody has to take her in. . . .*

Getting a baby sitter while she took Beth to school wasn't too difficult, but as Gloria attended to that chore she reflected that she would probably have to pay the courtesy back some day. Then after school she had to go after Beth again. The strange neighborhood would be nothing but a puzzle for an eight-year-old.

By the time Gloria went after Rod she was tired out. It was a long drive through jammed traffic pouring out of the city, and the baby began to cry in the car. Gloria gritted her teeth and shifted angrily. The things people expected you just to jump and do!

She managed to present a smile to Rod, and relaxed as they returned home. Maybe now it would be over. Of course, there would have to be things attended to at first. But from now on everything should run on schedule.

She hastily prepared dinner, opening some canned spaghetti and meat balls. Rod ate only half of what was on his plate.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked him, looking across at his plate with concern.

"Gloria, I told you I didn't like canned spaghetti," he said, reaching for another piece of bread. She felt suddenly drained of everything except a welling hurt, and without a word she got up and began to clear the table.

"What—no dessert?" Rod asked, looking about quizzically.

"Sorry." Her voice was sharp and thin edged. "If you'll remember, I had to attend to schooling today."

Rod's look changed to one of

surprise. "Well, I didn't think it was *that* bad," he replied roughly, getting up from the table. Gloria went into the kitchen drawing hot water into the dishpan. She didn't trust herself to say more. If she stayed here shaking soap into the dishwater she might get control of herself again.

She dipped her slender finger into the suds, whipping them about. Is this what happened to people when they have big families? Was all this insistent pull and tug what took the love and patience out of them, and paved the way for bickering and misunderstanding?

She knew she was overtired tonight, and she guessed Rod must have days like that, too. But she'd always met him at the door before, rested and eager for the hours they could spend together. Now she only wished to get the chores done so that she could climb into bed with her weary body.

She thought of the large family they both wanted, and looked ahead now, almost with a sinking dread. The past two years seemed like a remote dream that was gone. As if they lay behind a gate that was closed and could never again be opened.

*Beth is going to have to stay with us*, Gloria found herself thinking. *There is no place else for her to go. She is going to have to stay. . . .*

She finished the dishes and felt better. Then she began the baths. First the baby, and his bottle, then the tucking him into bed which only a few days before had been such a delight. Then she filled the tub again.

"Come on, Beth," she called. The little girl obeyed with a quiet willingness. Gloria bathed her and then tucked her in bed, staying long enough to hear her prayers.

"Come on, dear, say your prayers," Gloria prompted, feeling so utterly tired that she only wanted to get a bath herself.

"God bless . . . ." the tiny voice came up to her, half muffled from the covers, and then stopped.

"But you must know some real

ittle prayers," Gloria told her.

"Um-um." The child shook her head ever so slightly.

"Well, all right then. We'll say what you know."

But there was only a resisting silence. "Beth," Gloria began again, patiently, "come on, dear."

She could feel the little body stiffen and try to pull away in the dimness. Completely at a loss, Gloria found herself getting to the edge of her patience. "All right," she said, trying to keep the sharpness out of her voice. "You can say your prayers alone if you wish." Impulsively she got up and went out of the room, feeling an overwhelming sense of defeat. She went into the living room and Rod looked up.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "I . . . I just don't seem to be able to get through to her," she cried out, exasperated. "I just don't understand her at all."

"But, darling," Rod said with such gentleness that it made her angry, "you're not really trying. Don't try to rush it."

"I suppose you're doing something to help!" she flung at him. "After all, she's *your* niece."

"I'm just giving her a chance to get used to her surroundings," he said. "Kids adapt themselves easily. In no time she'll be romping and playing."

"Well, if they adapt themselves so easily for you, then you can have the job. Gladly!" The hot words were out before she had time to think.

"Look!" Rod demanded stiffly, "if you didn't want her to come you should have said so before."

"For heaven's sake!" Gloria cried angrily, "the poor thing's right in there now, listening. Must we continue this?"

"No." Rod jumped to his feet and looked at her with exasperation. "No!" With that he stalked into the bedroom and closed the door with just enough emphasis to imply a slam.

Gloria sat down on a chair, trembling. It was too much! Much too much! How could something like this come between them in

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL SWISHER

How completely and horribly unfair of all of them—Rod included—to leave this problem to her

just one day? It was impossible, but there it was. Her throat tightened into a painful knot and hot tears began spilling over the edges of her eyes. Angrily she brushed them off. Nobody was going to see her crying!

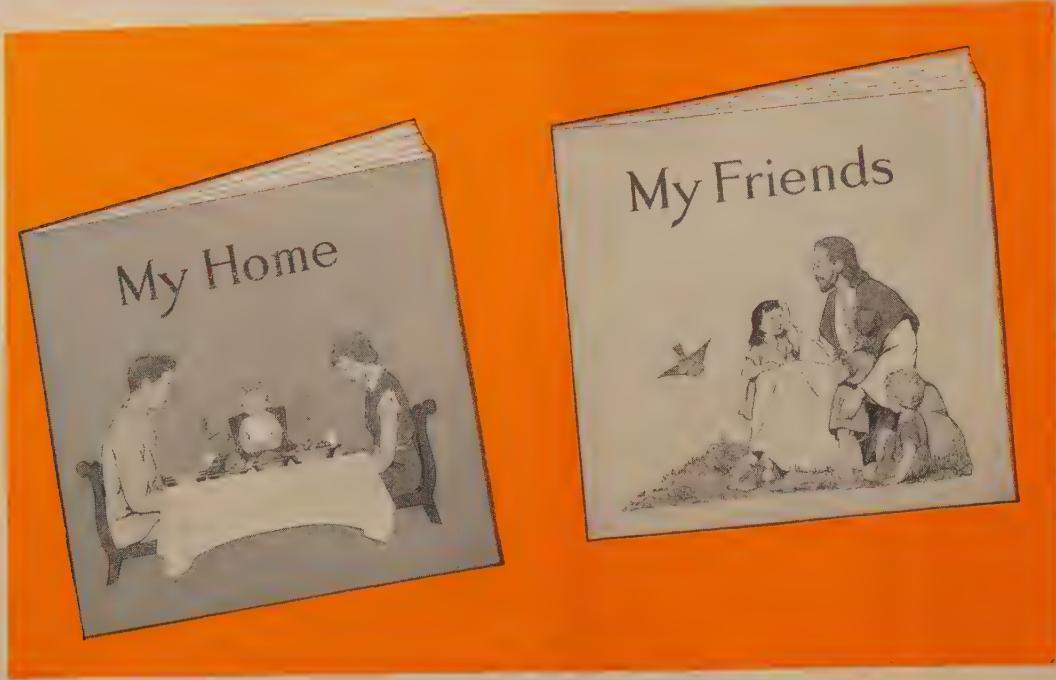
She went out into the kitchen and began emptying out drawers. One thing she was not going to do was to go to bed now; even go into the same room with him. She began washing out the drawers with a soapy cloth, and then put new paper in them. It was better to work off the hurt and anger this way. Strangely she wasn't



tired now, only lost. Completely and utterly lost.

After she had completed her task she went back into the hall. Quietly she opened the door to their room. Rod was on his side, the covers up over his shoulder. He was breathing in deep, even strokes. Asleep! It had meant nothing to him at all, then, that their marriage had deteriorated into a bickering tug of war. It wasn't fair to have somebody completely strange come into your life and rob it of all its happiness. She closed the door and went back

(Continued on page 16)



## Teaching for the Twos

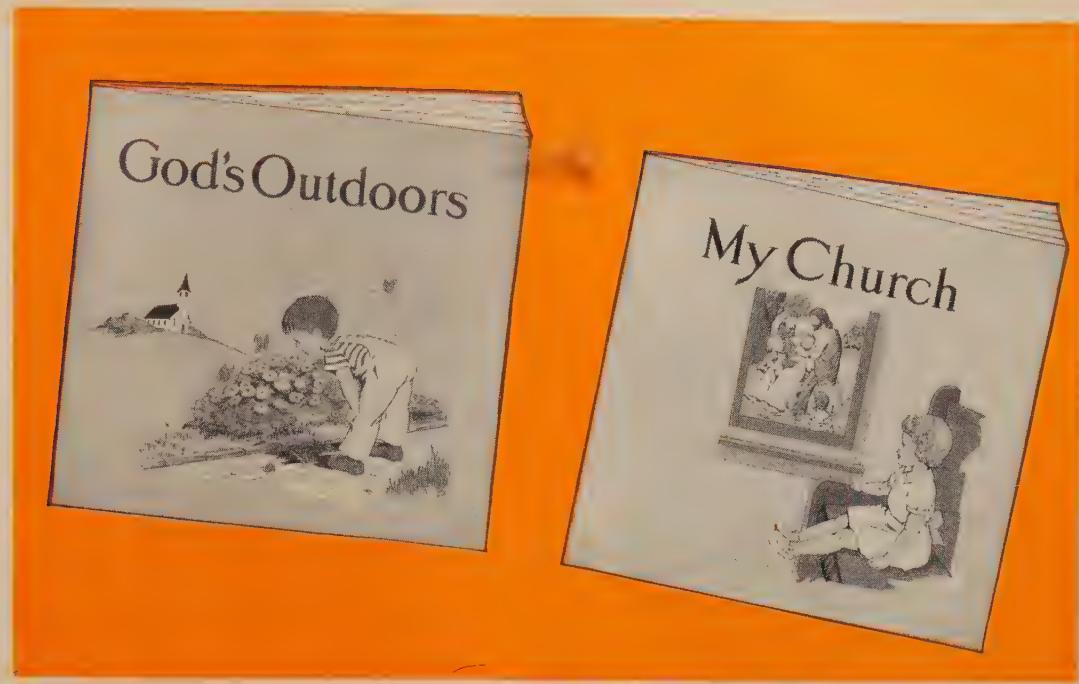
Sometimes we hear it said, "You can't teach two-year-old children. They're just babies. Wait until they are older. Then they can begin to learn." You, as parents, will be the first to recognize what a great mistake it is to agree to this idea! You know well how much a child learns in his very first years: He learns the skills necessary to his physical existence. He begins to learn to talk. He learns attitudes and responses to the world around him that will have a large part in determining the kind of person he will be as an adult. What happens to him before he is four also greatly affects his spiritual development and his religious responses throughout life. We teach our two-year-olds whether we mean to or not. Let us teach them intelligently and with purpose.

To be sure, two-year-olds normally do most of their learning at home. Their parents and those who care for them are their most effective teachers. Our churches have recognized this fact in planning for the Christian education of very young children. They have provided storybooks and a songbook to be used by parents and children together at home, and they have made available helpful and practical guidance material for the parents, to be given them every three months. This is the most important part of our service to young children and parents. It is a service that *every* church has a responsibility to make available. Do you receive these books from your church? If you have a two-year-old child, you should. Ask your pastor about them if you have not seen them.

For the children there is a package of picture storybooks, illustrated in full color and of a size

that children like to carry around with them. In this package are four books: *My Church*, *My Home*, *My Friends*, and *God's Outdoors*. Each book contains several short, simple stories about two-year-olds and the things that interest them. These stories illustrate in terms of a young child's experience the basic truths or principles for Christian living—truths which are found in the Bible in words that have meaning to older people. These are the kinds of stories that are called for again and again at bedtime, at naptime, and at just anytime when a story is wanted. These are stories that fit your everyday experiences. Some children do not listen to a whole story at one time, but will look at the pictures. Some children will not let Mother put the book down until it is read from cover to cover. The four little books are treasured so highly that a special place on a book shelf or table is kept for them. And when, after much repeated use through the year, the covers become worn, they are carefully re-covered with heavy paper, or shellacked to preserve a shiny bright finish.

The helpful material which parents of the twos receive every three months, makes many practical suggestions of ways to use the four books with the children and to keep them in good condition. It helps parents to think about what the atmosphere of their home says to a two-year-old child, and how important what they say and do may become. It suggests definite activities and conversation that will help a young child to begin to think of God as associated with the beauty of the world, the loving care that he experiences, and all the good things that he enjoys. It suggests ways of adapting the stories and of using



**By Elizabeth F. Tibbals**

the songs in the *Nursery Songs and Rhythms*. This book has an entire section of songs for two-year-olds, including those which are also in the four story-books.

You will want these materials because you want to guide your child's religious growth as carefully as you plan for his physical and mental development. Whether he goes to a nursery group at church or not, your responsibility is of first importance as his teacher at home. In many churches no provision is made for groups of two-year-olds at the church. Sometimes this is a very wise plan because space and leadership for the kind of program that would really help two-year-olds are not at present available. Young children are far better off at home than in a crowded room, with an overstimulating program under too few and inexperienced leaders. Some two-year-olds are not yet mature enough to profit from even the best-planned program for twos, and may be definitely harmed by being forced into such a group.

But two-year-olds are individuals, just as are ten-year-olds or twenty- or forty-! Many twos are friendly, secure, outgoing little persons who accept and enjoy being in a small group of children of their own age under good leadership. Perhaps your church has a nursery group for twos, with a cheerful, clean room, good sturdy play equipment and calm, steady, mature leaders who make the children feel at home, and who encourage them to discover and enjoy the world around them. If it does, and if your two-year-old is a healthy, happy, adaptable child, by all means take him to it. You will find, as have many young parents, that a good nursery experience for the two-

year-old who is ready for it, teaches many things that are learned far more slowly without it.

The guidance material for leaders of two-year-olds at church is in a book called *The 2's at Church*, by Elizabeth C. Gardner. It is built around the things that two-year-olds know and are interested in—food, clothing, homes, sun, rain, animals, birds and the like. It helps those who work with twos to understand them, to know how to talk with them, tell them stories, and guide their discoveries, always associating God with the good things they enjoy. And above all, it helps leaders to realize the necessity of planning for small groups in a good environment with good equipment, and the fact that there is little real group activity.

For Mary Lou, then, it is best to provide home experiences alone, since her church cannot now release space and leadership for an acceptable program for twos at church. For Jimmy, a fine two-year-old group is available, but Jimmy is nervous and easily upset since he had pneumonia a few months ago. He will not leave his mother at any time anywhere. The nursery leaders in his church are wise to advise his parents not to bring him to the group just yet. But for Sally and John whose parents attend the same church, the two-year-old group is a wonderful adventure. They are in it regularly and ask all week when it will be Sunday again! They enjoy every part of the morning and reproduce bits of their experiences all week. And they speak of "my church" with real affection. For the Sallys and Johns of your church, a nursery group would be worth all the careful, prayerful planning and work it would take. Why not find out about the possibilities?

# *Enjoying the Bible*

## at Home

Study Article and Guide

*Is the Bible enjoyed in your home? Many Christians are rediscovering The Book at the center of the family circle. Some are finding for the first time that reading the Bible can give the whole family real pleasure.*

By Ed and Harriet Dowdy



—Gedge Harmon

Everyone is familiar with the typical family scene of the 1890's. At the supper table, Father would read a chapter or two from the huge black Bible that lay on the sideboard or was brought in from its place of honor on the parlor table. If there were household servants, they would be permitted to stand quietly in the background during "family prayer." Often the family would kneel alongside the dining room chairs.

From time to time Father would turn to the middle pages in the Bible to make new notations on the family record. In his bold handwriting he would inscribe the name and date of the new arrivals. Occasionally after a trip to the family cemetery he would simply add a date in the column headed "Died."

It would have seemed inappropriate to ask our grandparents, "Is the Bible enjoyed in your family?" Although little they possessed in that pre-radio-and-TV era gave as much genuine family pleasure, our grandparents might have hesitated to say that Bible reading was enjoyable. That it was inspirational they would have readily agreed.

Ask most Americans today the same question, "Do you enjoy reading the Bible with your family?" and the answer will likely be, "I don't know, we never tried it." For personal devotions the answer would be "Yes." Many parents would report that their children like the Bible stories about David or about Jesus, friend of children. Sharing the Bible with the whole family is a new experience for most American homes.

Most of us have to confess that the old, heavy, family Bible in the living room is chiefly valuable as depository for locks of hair and pressed flowers. All too often it is consulted only when death invades the family circle.

Something new has entered the family picture. Many parents are rediscovering the Bible in the bright red or blue jacket of the Revised Standard Version their children are using in the church school. Because this new version puts the Bible in modern language that all can explain and understand, you are not surprised to hear children say, "Bible study is enjoyable, now that we can understand what we are reading." What is more important, it is that for the whole family!

In two short years this new version of the whole Bible has found its way into nearly three million homes. An additional two and one-half million copies of the New Testament are in circulation. More and more church schools are using the new version exclusively. The ready acclaim of both children and parents indicates that this new translation is destined to have a large place in the family circle.

We are convinced that the Bible in the language of today ought to have a larger place in the family budget of precious hours. A translation that can be understood by every member of the family is the first step toward enjoying the Bible in your home. As lovely as the English language was in the early seventeenth century, the Bible in that version does not speak to our children as it did to our grandparents.

Our second conviction is that every family ought to give the Bible an appropriate assignment on its busy schedule. Ask any child in America when Howdy Doody is on the air and you will get the correct time and channel. Ask the same children, "When is Bible time in your family?" and you will get a very disappointing answer. Each family will need to set its own time but unless there is a definite time reserved for every day, it will not be remembered.

Family devotions are more satisfying when every member of the family shares in them. If you are now using *The Secret Place* as a guide for your meditation, be sure to let the younger members of your household read the suggested Bible passage. Another may be designated to lead the closing prayer. You will want to take turns in reading the thought for the day. If the parents always read, when the children are old enough to be able to read themselves, it will be easy for them to assume that the Bible is for grownups only.

Here again the new version will prove helpful. If the scripture selection is understandable to the children, they will read it again. Our children read and reread their favorite books and magazines. They will do the same thing with selected Bible favorites. Reading in the family devotional period may be the introduction to lifetime companions.

Bedtime is always story time for young children. Happy are those children who go to bed with some unforgettable Bible story tucked away in their memory. Psychologists tell us that our unconscious mind continues to dwell on what we were thinking when we fell asleep. Bible stories that are told at bedtime have a good chance of being remembered.



—H. Armstrong Roberts

There is high adventure in the story of Gideon in Judges 7. The Old Testament abounds in such stories. In the New Testament there are adventure stories too. Paul's shipwreck in Acts 27 and 28 will hold the attention of a Junior. It compares well with the shipwreck in Robinson Crusoe.

The parables of Jesus are such beautifully told stories that our children would love them even if they were only stories. Of course, they will be remembered all the more because they are from the lips of Jesus. Their quality as stories only helps us to retain their deeper meaning.

Enjoying the Bible at home will be more certain if you *do* something. Making a crèche at Christmas is the surest way to impress the Bethlehem story in the family consciousness. Use the Bible to get the full details of the story. You will find the shepherds in Luke 2 and the Wise Men in Matthew 2.

Christmas will be far more meaningful in your house if the whole family has shared in the creation of the crèche figures. They can be plaster figures, painted with water colors or tempera. A unique set could be done in soap carvings, or potato puppets. However you do it, such an activity will keep the Bible story uppermost in your family conversation for many days.

You will want to try the same type of arrangement at Easter. It will be equally educational and enjoyable to create a replica of "The Last Supper" or some other scene from the last week of Jesus' life with his disciples. In fact, you can use this same technique to make vivid almost any of the great Bible

stories. Ruth, Esther, and Daniel will lend themselves to this type of treatment. You do not need to wait for a holiday to begin having this enjoyable experience.

Dramatization is another way to make the Bible come to life in your home. The children love to have a part in the family drama. You do not need elaborate costumes and scenery to make an effective scene. A little imagination is all that is necessary to turn your dining room into the dining room of Zacchaeus (See Luke 19:1-27).

You will find the new Revised Standard Version is a big help in role-playing. The quotation marks in the new version make it easy for you to follow the conversation. Much of the Bible is made more interesting when you can see the shift from person to person in the dialogue. Having two or three persons read their respective speeches makes for more enjoyment and more real Bible study.

Does your family enjoy quiz programs on radio or TV? You can have lots of family fun with Bible games of a similar type at home. "Twenty Questions" is a favorite at our house. Dinner is scarcely begun before one of our daughters wants to begin. We have found that it is just as much fun to try to

guess Bible persons, places, or things as it is to ask, "Is this animal, vegetable, or mineral?" You can stump any panel of experts with a few questions like "Moses' staff" or "David's lyre."

Can you find the names of books of the Bible in the following paragraph? (For example: I never saw so *dismal a chief*.)

While motoring in Palestine I met Chief Mejud, gesticulating wildly. His fez, raiment and features are odd. On market days he pumps alms for everyone, a most common practice. He retells how he used to revel at Ionian bouts on a hummock, minus hose and shirt, wearing as comic a hat as they make.

If you caught them all, you should have noted: Judges, Ezra, Mark, Psalms, Amos, Revelation, Nahum, Hosea and Micah. Children from sixth grade up will have a hilarious time with this sort of game.

On the flyleaf of one of our most cherished Bibles are inscribed these words: "To live it is to love it; to love it is to live it." This in brief is a good way to enjoy the Bible in your home. Make it a vital part of the everyday life of your family and we can promise you genuine enjoyment of the highest order.

## STUDY GUIDE

### I. Preparation—

A. Decide on an approach—Will you seek a guest speaker, perhaps a pastor, or someone else with extensive experience in religious education and home relationships? Or would a panel discussion, in which several parents with children of various ages took part, be more successful? Is this a "solo" venture, or is it to be the first in a series? Or, perhaps it is a feeler and you will let the outcome dictate the direction in which you will plan future meetings.

#### B. Appoint small committees to—

1. Talk with your children's work chairman, director of Christian education and/or pastor about denominational curricular and devotional materials which would add zest to the use of the Bible in the homes of the group.

2. Consult the public library about books and pictures which are available.

3. Prepare a display of materials for browsing selected from items discovered under 1 and 2. Be sure to include several different formats of the Bible as well as attractive reading books for children and religious novels for adults and young people. You might compile your own list of books and prices for distribution.

4. Canvass the parents of children in the church school to learn—

a) Whether they observe a period of family devotion

b) What helps they use.

c) Whether they are satisfied with their present plan.

#### d) Other uses of the Bible made in the home.

5. Write the publishing house with regard to audio-visual aids which would enrich the program of the church school or future group meetings.

6. Write the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches regarding suitable programs for family listening and viewing. Prepare lists for distribution.

7. Prepare a playlet of a family life situation depicting either (a) an ideal family setup as to the happy and normal use of the Bible; or (b) a situation which revealed a number of common problems. These might include failure to take into account varying ages of the children, a pietistic unnatural approach, irregular use or a "floundering" approach to using the Bible. Obviously, no one group would do all these things at once; plan to have an exhibit, though, and choose as many others as you feel desirable and pertinent for your particular group.

C. Be sure the leader, or leaders, and as many of the group as possible read the article.

### II. The Meeting—

A. In any case have an attractive exhibit of resource materials, and encourage early birds to look and take notes. Others may do their browsing after the session.

B. Two possibilities if you have chosen a speaker—

### When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who will

Guide a Dramatization. A simple dramatization may be worked out for some phase of life in long-ago Palestine. For example, the children may put on simple headdresses and pretend to go to a synagogue school, where they sit on the floor and recite Bible verses and prayers. Sleeping on mats or preparing a meal as it was done in Bible days might be enjoyed. Simple refreshments of dates, figs, olives or apricots would add to the realism of such acting. Books such as *Bible Days*, by DeJong, and *A Picture Book of Palestine*, by Smith, would be helpful.

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Holiday Storybook*, compiled by the Child Study Association of America. This and other storybooks may be secured from the public library, the school or church library.

Direct Games. Games appropriate for all ages and for both large and small groups are included in the book *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin. Other books of games may be borrowed from the public library.

1. Present the topic and your guest; allow him to talk for an agreed-upon length of time, perhaps thirty minutes, and then throw the meeting open for discussion which you will keep under control, i.e., do not let "John" monopolize the conversation, and guide the group back to the subject if they wander.

2. Following a prearranged plan with your guest, divide the group into small sections (cells of five or six persons, one of whom acts as secretary) with an assignment for each group. Suggested topics might be difficulties of making the Bible meaningful to young children, or how to keep teen-agers interested in family devotions when younger children are included. At the end of a prescribed time, probably fifteen minutes, the moderator calls for the findings of each group and the speaker discusses in turn the problems upon which attention has been focused.

#### C. The panel discussion

1. Participants should be the chair-

men of several of the previously suggested committees—if this is the plan, be sure to tell them when they accept the initial appointment.

2. Let the audience ask questions as they arise, which you as moderator would refer to the proper resource person.

#### D. A family-life playlet

1. Good if you intend to deal with a single problem.

2. Demands adequate preparation.

3. Following presentation an "expert" should analyze what did, and/or should have happened; then draw the rest of the group into the conversation.

### III. Follow Through—

A. Plan a Bible family night at church, chock-full of ideas to adapt at home.

1. Try to use at least some foods from Bible lands.

2. Have one family ask the blessing before the meal; let another depict a family at devotions after the meal.

3. Arrange the room in a setting suggestive of biblical times.

4. Play Bible games—charades, twenty questions, geography, pencil games, etc.

5. Include a story hour or nursery care as necessary for young children.

B. Ask the local Council of Churches to expand the function of its radio committee to include the circulation of a periodical bulletin to the churches listing Bible-related family fare on local radio and TV channels, and films to be shown in neighborhood theaters. (Maybe some of your group would have to volunteer to assist.)

C. If this meeting has whet your appetite and made the parents conscious of needing more Bible background in order to keep up with Junior, how about scheduling a course on Understanding the Bible?

D. Carry out some of the committee assignments you did not get to in advance.

## BIBLEGRAM

*By Hilda E. Allen*

DIRECTIONS: Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain selected quotation from the Bible.

Fruit that monkeys like -----

10 48 35 59 45 76

Little cat -----

43 115 37 50 16 107

Silent -----

118 119 71 108 78

Navy man -----

61 123 31 70 4 20

Not easy to bend -----

109 46 126 53 57

Not anyone -----

24 72 67 94 36 133

Smallest -----

21 82 95 87 40 77 7

There are 36 in a yard -----

111 83 27 47 19 99

Wealth -----

58 120 32 3 11 75

Lazy person -----

5 56 113 62 44 28

State whose capital is Montgomery -----

23 129 91 1 96 60 26

Last inning of most ball games -----

106 89 72 121 39

Labored -----

55 9 29 69 52 125

Loud -----

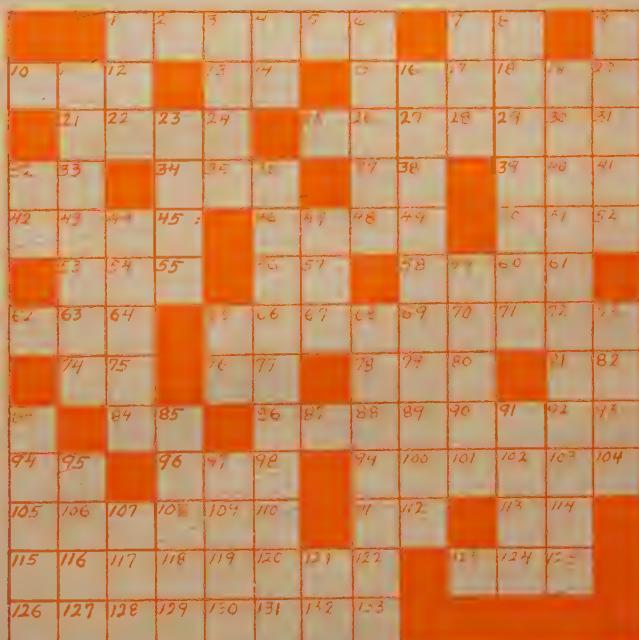
97 128 74 112 12

Winning place in a contest -----

30 117 105 110 131

Body washings -----

15 34 92 22 25



Solution on page 26

Q Prickly -----	17 51 104 132 90 122
R At a longer distance away -----	85 41 64 18 79 2 65
S To teem, or to be plentiful -----	54 103 38 101 124 86
T Be moody about something -----	102 42 63 84 127
U A dream -----	88 13 81 93 8 49
V Necessary -----	116 33 66 98 80 6
W Chairs -----	114 68 130 100 14

## Welcome Stranger

(Continued from page 9)

down the hall toward the living room.

Then she heard the smallest scratching sound. She went to Beth's door and peered in. There was a slight movement in the darkness. The child was still awake!

Gloria opened the door and went in. "Beth," she commanded, trying to keep her voice gentle, "why aren't you asleep?"

There was a sniffing from the covers. Why, the child was crying! Gloria slipped down and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I want my mamma!" the little girl whimpered. "I want my mamma!" The sobs choked up now, thick and heavy, one after the other. Gloria realized the child had been crying all this time.

"Darling!" she whispered, putting a hand on the little forehead and brushing back the streaked, wet hair.

"I want my mamma!"

How completely and horribly unfair of all of them—Rod included—to leave this problem up to her. Quite evidently nobody had had the courage to tell the little tyke. And here she was, Gloria, with the job thrust upon her. *I can't do it*, Gloria thought to herself. *I just can't do it*.

"Don't cry, darling," she told the little girl. "Would you like to get up and have some milk and cookies?"

The sobs choked to a halt, and the little girl nodded. "Then come —" Gloria whispered. "And let's be quiet—just you and me. We don't want to wake anybody up 'cause we want this party to be just for us." She led the way to the kitchen and poured two glasses of milk. Then she brought out cookies and she and Beth sat down and began eating.

"They're good, aren't they?" Gloria asked. Beth nodded solemnly. Only her red eyes indicated any unhappiness.

Gloria watched her quietly. The long black lashes were curled upward from the dark eyes, and the line of her cheek was soft and round. Her hair was dark and curled at the ends. She was a pretty child. She'd looked at her all day, but it seemed to Gloria that just now she was seeing her for the first time.

Gloria braced herself for the bitter task ahead. Best to get it over with, and not have it to worry about. "Beth," she said, "your mamma's gone away for a long, long time. We mustn't be unhappy, because she wouldn't want us to be unhappy. I'm going to be



—Photographs by A. Devaney, Inc.

Co

By D

1 Cookies in the cooky jar  
High on a shelf.  
Climbing carefully I may  
Get them by myself.

2 Stretching, O so cautiously,  
Standing on tip-toe,  
Lifting off the cooky lid—  
I must not let go.



your mamma for a while. Will that be all right?"

The child nodded obediently.

Gloria breathed a sigh of relief. But Beth's eyes were wide and round in the little face, and they looked across at her uncertainly. Then the little chin began to tremble.

"My—mamma's never goin' to come back," the child said, her voice scarcely more than a whisper.

Gloria felt stung. So she had known all the time! All the time she and Rod had been quarreling, and saying bitter and ugly things. How awful! Suddenly she felt small and helpless, and terribly empty. And then it was as if she'd reached the end of a long road and started coming back again.

How utterly selfish she'd been, caring so much about her orderly life and the day's inconveniences, when this little girl had been thrust among unwelcome strangers, and a new school, and a quarreling household, holding her dark loss close and painfully inside an eight-year-old heart!

Tears started to brim at Gloria's eyes, but they weren't tears of unhappiness. There was a strange relief in the new feeling that was surging up inside her. This was life—the new life—of give and take and share, and it might have its weary and grinding moments, but it had a new warmth and depth and breadth she hadn't known possible to exist. This, then, was what made families endure through all their trials and problems and disappointments.

"Would you like me to read you part of one of your new books?" Gloria asked. Beth nodded.

"Then come, because our party is almost over until tomorrow." And she led the way back to the bedroom. Then she read the first little story in one of the new books.

"Now, Beth," Gloria said gently, "we must go to sleep." She tucked the child in, and then switched out the lamp. "Would—" Gloria hesitated over the words. "Would you like me to say a little prayer with you?" If the child didn't know one, perhaps she could teach her one.

"I guess I can say my prayer now," Beth whispered, and folded her hands. "God bless . . . my mamma." There was a pause. "And my Aunt Sandy."

Gloria found tears springing to her eyes. She bent over the little child, snuggling her nose against her ear. "You're my sweetest sweetheart," she whispered to Beth. And then she felt a pair of tiny arms circle her neck and hold on tight.



### 3

Hark! I hear my mother's steps  
Coming down the stair!  
Wonder what she'll say to me?  
Wonder if she'll care?

### 4

Cookies in the cooky jar  
High on a shelf.  
I am now quite big enough  
To get them by myself.



# The Kitten Who Wanted to Be a Squirrel

By Mary Lou Leach



Grinsqui was a little grey squirrel. He lived with his father and mother on a big farm. Actually they lived in the woods back of the barn, but they felt that the whole farm belonged to them because they gathered nuts from trees all over the yard and at the edges of the fields. Grinsqui got his name from Judy, the little girl who lived on the farm. Judy would swing under the big maple tree. Grinsqui would run across the lawn with his bushy tail waving behind him. When he saw Judy he would stop suddenly, sit up on his hind legs with his tail arched and grin at her mischievously. Judy often carried something to feed Grinsqui. They became good friends.

In the big red barn on top of the hill lived a cat family. Purrkin was one of the kittens. She was grey like her mother but she had a fluffy tail. Neither of her sisters had fluffy tails, and this sometimes bothered Purrkin. Except for her color, she looked different from the rest of her family.

One day Purrkin grew tired of playing hide and seek in the barn. She decided she was old enough to explore the world outside the big red door. She peered carefully around the door and tested the new world with her left forepaw. Then Purrkin stepped out into the

sunlight. Just then Grinsqui was racing across the lawn to visit Judy. Purrkin gave a cry of delight to see another "kitten" with a bushy tail just like hers. She sped down the hill after Grinsqui.

"Meow," she called, meaning "Wait for me," as she streaked across the lawn after Grinsqui.

Grinsqui was startled to hear a squeaky little voice behind him. He hurried to the tree where Judy's swing was hung, thinking Judy would protect him from any dangerous animal. But Judy was not in her swing. Grinsqui scurried up the tree and peeked down between the leaves of the lower branch to see the owner of the squeaky voice. Purrkin stopped to catch her breath.

"Now where can that kitten have gone?" wondered Purrkin. "He came right up to this tree." There was a rustle of leaves as Grinsqui ran along the branch, and Purrkin saw him.

"Meow," gasped an astonished Purrkin, meaning, "I thought I had lost you. My name's Purrkin. I live in the big red barn over there on the hill and I would like to play with you."

Grinsqui thought that was a good idea. "I have a nut you can hide and then I will look for it,"

he offered, coming down from his perch on the branch.

"You must close your eyes while I am hiding it," said Purrkin, as she took the nut and rolled it over on the ground.

All morning Purrkin and Grinsqui played together. When they tired of hiding the nut, they raced and jumped over fallen branches to see who could run faster and jump higher. They were sitting on a stump, all out of breath when Purrkin exclaimed: "Say, you didn't tell me your name."

"No, I didn't," said the squirrel. "Well, Judy calls me Grinsqui. Judy's the little girl who lives in the big white house over there. Do you know her?"

"Of course I know Judy," Purrkin said proudly. "All my family knows Judy. She comes to see us often. Yellow Cat even goes in the big white house to eat her supper and sleep by the fire in the winter. I've heard her tell her kittens all about it. Of course, I have never been outside the barn before, myself. My mother does not know I am out now. Have you been in the house?"

"Me? In the house?" laughed Grinsqui. "I should say not. They do not invite squirrels into the house. I live in a big hollow tree in the woods behind the barn. We have a fine snug nest and there's a wonderful view of the whole farm from our front door. Say, doesn't your mother worry about you when you do not tell her where you are going? I always tell my mother where I'm going when I leave our tree house. In fact it's time for me to be home for lunch. Don't you have to go home for lunch?"

Purrkin did not even hear these last questions of Grinsqui's. She had had a sudden inspiration. Wouldn't it be fun to live in a tree as Grinsqui did and be able to see the whole farm? "With my bushy tail, maybe I am a squirrel instead of a cat," Purrkin was thinking. "I do look different from the rest of my family. And I can run and hop just the way

(Continued on page 26)

# Worship in the Family with Children

**Theme for October: We Love Thy Church, O God**

## A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

## A Bible Verse

I was glad when they said to me  
"Let us go to the house of the  
LORD!" —Psalm 122:1

## A Prayer

We are glad, God, for our church  
and for the happy times we have  
there. Amen.

## A Poem

Our dear church was built  
With love and work and prayer,  
So that all the neighbors  
Might find welcome there.

—SOURCE UNKNOWN

Music for these words may be found in the book *When the Little Child Wants to Sing* or in the Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year, Fall Quarter.

## To Use with Younger Children

### Glad for Church

"Mother, look at my pretty leaves!" exclaimed Janet, as she came into the house.

"They are lovely," agreed Mother. "What are you going to do with them?"

"If I were going to church school, I would take them to put on our beauty center," continued Janet.

"Beauty center?" said Mother, a little surprised.

"Yes," said Janet, "we always have something pretty on the table in our beauty center."

"Would you like to make a beauty center here at home for our family?" asked Mother.

"Oh, yes," said Janet.

Mother and Janet looked around the room and decided which table would be best to use for their beauty center. Mother got a pretty

vase for the leaves.

"Now we need the Bible and a picture," said Janet.

"A picture?" asked Mother. "What kind of a picture?"

"A picture of our church," said Janet, "because that was what made us think of having a beauty center."

"Let's see," said Mother. "The only picture we have is the one on the front of the church bulletin."

"That's all right," said Janet. "I can cut it out and paste it on some colored paper. Won't Daddy be surprised when he sees our beauty center?"

"Yes," agreed Mother. "He will like it. It will help all of us to think of how glad we are for our church."

"I am glad for church," said Janet.

Here is a picture of a church taken from a church bulletin. If you do not have a picture of your own church, this one might be mounted on a large sheet of heavy construction paper and used in the family worship center to help the family think of their own church.



## When to Church I Go

CAROLINE KELLOGG

DOROTHY WEST

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The first staff has lyrics: "Very softly I will walk, Very gently I will talk,". The second staff has lyrics: "When to church I go, Though I can not see Him there,". The third staff has lyrics: "God is with me every where He is here I know." The music includes various note values (eighth and sixteenth notes) and rests.

Used by permission of the American Baptist Publication Society

Here is a song the entire family can learn and enjoy singing together.

## Happy Thoughts

I like to go to church  
I have friends at church  
I enjoy the beautiful music there  
I hear stories of Jesus at church  
I learn songs and Bible verses there

(You may add to the list other happy thoughts about your church.)

## Prayer

Dear God, I am glad for church.  
I am glad I can go to church where  
I can work and play with friends.  
I am glad I can learn about Jesus.  
Thank you, God, for my church.  
Amen.

(You will want to remember in your prayer the things you have put on your list of happy thoughts.)

## To Use with Older Children A Wonderful Idea

"I just had a wonderful idea," said Father, as he looked at Mother, Johnny and Susie. "Our family worship times are growing to mean more to me day by day, particularly since Johnny and Susie, Mother and I all have a part in them. Here at the beginning of another church school year, I think it would be a good idea to make a book of the prayers we use which are especially meaningful to us."

"Why not include some of the poems, too?" added Mother.

"And stories, too," said Johnny.

"And songs," suggested Susie.

"We might even put in something to remind us of special days we have at the church," said Father. "Do you like the idea?"

"Oh, yes," agreed the others, enthusiastically.

"We can use a regular scrapbook, can't we?" suggested Mother.

"But it needs a special cover," said Susie.

"Such as?" questioned Mother.

"Well, it needs a picture," said Susie.

"A picture of our church!" exclaimed Johnny.

"That's good," said Father. "Now, let's see. I suppose we could take the camera over and get a snapshot of it."

"Why couldn't we use the picture on the front of one of our church bulletins?" asked Johnny.

"Splendid!" said Father, "I am glad Susie and Johnny thought of putting a picture of our church on the cover of our book. Many of the things which we do at church will help us in our worship here at home and I am sure our worshiping and working together here at home will help us to worship and to be better workers in our church."

"I am going to tell David what we are doing," said Johnny. "Maybe his family will want to make a book, too."

"I'll tell Marie," said Susie.

"Yes, we will share our idea with our friends," said Mother.

Do you think the book is a good idea?

Would you and your family like to make your own book?

What are some of the other things you might include in your book which the family in the story did not mention?

Bible verses

Pictures

Can you think of others?

## Why We Love Our Church

Stephen took a picture of his church and pasted it at the top of a large sheet of paper. "I am going to put down everything I can think of that helps me to love my church," he said. Here are some of the things he listed:

Beautiful music  
Lovely windows  
Quiet times for prayer  
Minister  
Organist  
Sexton  
Church school teacher  
Stories of Jesus  
Learning about the Bible  
Learning to use my Bible  
Special times at church

Think of your own church and make your own list.

## Prayer

God, our Father, we thank you for our church. We are glad we can go to church to learn about Jesus, about your love and about the best way to live. We are glad for our friends at church. Thank you for all the workers in the church who help to make it the kind of place it should be. Help us to be good workers also. Amen.

## A Bible Verse to Remember

I was glad when they said to me  
"Let us go to the house of the  
LORD!"—Psalm 122:1.

## For Family Worship

*A Call to Worship:* Psalm 122:1.

*Song:* (Select one or more)

- "The Church," Primary Pupil's Book, Second Year, Fall Quarter, page 6
- "Our Dear Church," Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year, Fall Quarter, page 5
- "Within Our Quiet Church, O God," Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year, Fall, page 8

*Litany:* Use the one on this page or one you and your family have made together.

*Story:* (one of the following might be used.)

- "Helpers in a Long-Ago Church," Primary Pupil's Book, Fall Quarter, First Year, page 7
- "Friendly Churches Help Others," Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Fall Quarter, page 14
- "Why There Are Churches," Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year, Fall Quarter, page 3
- "Churches Help Each Other," Primary Pupil's Book, Third Year, Fall Quarter, page 15

*Poem:*

- "Our Church," Primary Pupil's Book, Second Year, Fall Quarter, page 3
- "This Is Our Church," Primary Pupil's Book, Second Year, Fall Quarter, page 16

*Prayer:* Use the one on this page or one of your own.

## A Litany for Family Worship

*(You and your family could write your own litany.)*

For our church where we worship

*We thank thee, God, our Father*

For our friends who worship with us

*We thank thee, God, our Father*

For our minister, teachers and other helpers

*We thank thee, God, our Father*

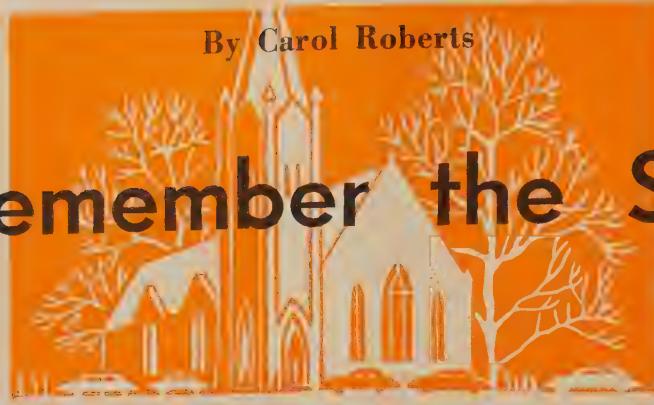
Help us to be good helpers, too,

*We pray thee, God, our Father.*

—Amen.

By Carol Roberts

# We Remember the Sabbath



It was a strange experience the first Sunday that Harold and I went to church. It seems incredible to me now that we could have held some of the opinions we lived by for the first ten years of our married life. I am sure we accepted ourselves as intelligent, decent, and worthy citizens of society. I must confess that we rated our IQ's just a trifle higher than those of the obedient and traditional creatures who disordered their Sunday's rest and freedom by going to church.

Sunday for us was the day after the night before. Saturday nights had always been given to entertaining or being entertained by friends. It would have been sacrilege indeed to have violated our pleasure code by breaking up a party on Saturday night just to be able to get to church on Sunday morning. In fact, we had that sophisticated indifference to church-going that did not even permit us to wonder whether it might be our duty or privilege to participate in it. We were intensely tolerant of people who did attend church and by the same token we expected a reciprocal of our nonattendance.

Harold and I both had attended church and church school as youngsters. We would not have dreamed of denying our belief in God, nor even in Christ. Our frame of thinking was completely in accord with the historical fact that we were inheritors of a Christian culture. We did not have the least idea of denying or altering this endowment.

What we actually believed in was our own superiority to the traditional demands of Christianity. Perhaps we thought that

Christianity should have a pretty good momentum on its own after two thousand years and could carry on regardless of the attention or indifference Harold and I accorded it.

It was nothing startling that aroused me one Sunday morning from late sleeping and set me thinking about going to church. Nothing more startling than the sound of feet treading along to church; and my inability to chase the sound from my ears and fall back into a cozy snooze. I am certain that the sound of those steps was the Morse code of the still, small voice of God.

We live in a thriving industrial town of forty thousand population, which boasts many advantages. We are proud of our town.

The message tapped out on that Sunday morning was just this: You live by all the privileges; why not share the duties?

I heard the message as clearly as I heard the steps going by. I spent a long wide-awake hour meditating on its meaning. I tried at first to evade the issue, then I argued for our side. We lived as respectable, law-abiding citizens; what more was necessary? It seemed utterly ridiculous that Harold and I should suddenly start giving up our Sunday morning rest.

My arguments were of no avail. Soon the parade of churchgoers was passing by again. The same people were returning from the expression of their faith in God. Could I not claim the same faith and remain here in the privacy of my own home and habits on Sunday? It was just then that there flashed into my mind the picture of two tablets engraved with the

numerals of the Ten Commandments. It was on the first tablet that my conscience was put to the test: Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. That single Commandment flashed like a neon sign. Suddenly I was no longer asking why nor defending my own private opinion in the matter. Who was I to lie abed while unknown feet marched to church, keeping God's commandment to all of us his creatures? Did not those unknown heels tap with an integrity and devotion that appeased God's judgment of such arrogant souls as mine? Did not that person who gave a public act of worship to God have greater wisdom than I—I who had no fear of breaking his law; who even treated God with the same superb indifference with which one by-passes royalty? In a flash it was all very clear how wrong we had been and what our duty was. Not because a minister said so, not because society said so, but because God has commanded us to give him back one day out of seven.

I can never describe the joy that surged into my spirit as I determined on the course we would follow from then on. I woke Harold from his log-headed sleep. I told him that we were going to church every Sunday from then on.

"Huh?" His sleepy brain refused to be aroused. "Uh huh." He went back to dozing.

I did not argue with him. The experience had not happened to him. But neither had it happened to me in vain. Harold is reasonable. On the next Sunday morning Harold very obediently arose and dressed without a word of rebellion or complaint.

*After ten years of indifference to churchgoing, the first step was an important one and subsequent church membership proved a stimulating privilege*

"What church are we going to?" he asked.

"I am going to follow the first person we meet who is going to church. Since we have no convictions of our own, the important thing is to keep holy God's sabbath."

Such words as "holy" and "God" and "sabbath" were awkward and embarrassing to us. We finished dressing in complete silence. When we were dressed, we found ourselves stalling before emerging into broad daylight and making our public profession of belief in God's command. I had not let anyone know that we were going to begin this fateful habit. Later I could say casually, "Oh, Harold and I have been going to church every Sunday for ever so long." By then it would be an established conviction and not easily disturbed or shaken.

How stupid and inadequate we felt, two adult citizens of a thoroughly Christian society, emerging that first Sunday morning and making our way to church. I believe it would have been easier if we had been trying to be Moslems. The familiar streets seemed alien and suspicious. I took Harold's arm. I hoped that no one we knew would see us, and that the same time wanted to be seen by everyone, God included, and get it over with. It was as confusing and self-conscious an action as I have ever taken. We walked, because we did not know where we might stop and enter. I was afraid that if we drove, we would drive all around town and never make a decision to stop and worship at any church.

For those who have scrupulous and exact dogmatic affirmations of faith, this experience will probably seem the essence of weakness of will and character. I admit that

it is an ignorant and humiliating confession to make, coming from supposedly intelligent citizens of a Christian society. But Harold and I were guilty of an omission in our lives that characterizes many otherwise good citizens. They take their Christian morals and principles for granted without regard to the exact laws that weave the very fabric of our society. I believe that it is a very serious offense not to keep the sabbath holy. Yet it is an affront we offer God with perfect ease of conscience. We make the subtle evasion by insisting there be no dogma in our lives, as though dogma were something the churches cooked up with which to embarrass us. Keeping the sabbath is not the private dogma of any one church; it is a law of God.

I will not name the church we entered on that first Lord's Day. We have since joined, and it is our conviction that God has led us to the church in which he would have us serve. No longer do we feel the need for added rest on Sunday morning. We would not count it rest to lie abed while others go to church. We now feel that one of the richest privileges we have in this present life of ours is to know him, to love him, and to serve him. Belonging to a church body has brought us humbly to acknowledge that we are not superior to our fellow beings, but belong to the same fateful fellowship of suffering and joy.

Our Sunday mornings are eagerly entered into, not especially for the inspiration of the sermons, or the social greetings along the way, but because our worship is an act of our own free will in obedience to a God whose voice we hear. It is the voice of God that is in all the best traditions by which we live: truth, justice, beauty, goodness. These are the moral props



we demand of the society in which we live. But these props are not the abstract timbers we often like to think they are. They are measured and fitted through humility and obedience to God for the building of both our personal character and the society we make.

We realize, too, that instead of feeling superior to the culture around us we should have been busy building a better society. Lying in bed on Sunday when the church bells are ringing is not a superior thing to do.

The person we followed that Sunday morning on first going to church was a little girl. I can see her yet: her prim straw bonnet over bobbing curls, her whole being intent on the grave mission of worshiping God. If I had not felt guilty before, I felt it then as we decided that this child was to be our guide into the house of God. What betrayal we had been making of our heritage, not only to ourselves, but to these innocent ones.

It is exhilarating to be dead baggage no longer in the culture in which we believe, no longer to be carried along at the expense of the sacrifice and devotion of others in order to keep Christian love alive in the world. Harold and I get up and go to church like old-timers now. We know that it is more than a tradition we are keeping; it is a divine law we are obeying.

# *Doers of the Word*

By Doris Anderson

*You have to have a big heart and a lot of faith to volunteer to care for forty-four children, none of them your own, to give them all love and a real home over a period of twenty-eight years, and to do it on an income that most people would consider barely adequate for their own needs.*

That is what Mr. and Mrs. Wasley Thack of Eden, New York, have done and the happiness they gave out has been multiplied in their own lives ever since.

Back in 1925, this childless couple began caring for the children of neighbors who were overburdened with work and troubles. Then came the depression, and relief workers found Mrs. Thack a source of great help. They furnished materials which she made up into clothing, and she opened her home to the orphans and other unfortunate children of the county. Her husband was working full time on the railroad and the county gave a small allowance to help pay the children's board. Always conscious of spiritual as well as material needs, the Thacks walked

two and a half miles to church on Sundays and on Wednesday evenings. The children also walked to church school.

Suddenly a serious accident left Mr. Thack a bedridden invalid for months. The Thacks prayed daily that his health be restored to help support the children.

"The Lord, in his great mercy, answered this prayer while we added two more to our family and gave help to others by sewing, taking care of the sick, and giving food where it was most needed," Mrs. Thack said. "It was almost impossible to give to all, as the need was so great, but the Lord was greater in his care. Things were sent to us, including bags upon bags of clothes which I sewed into garments for the little tots and into patchwork quilts from the scraps."

Mr. Thack refused a settlement of money for the accident, except for doctor's and hospital bills, although friends advised him he was entitled to it, but he was so thankful for the return of his health that he felt that was compensation enough. He knew the Lord would provide what was necessary.

About 1933 the family moved from the city to a farm in Eden. It was a bleak twenty acres, containing nothing but weeds, an unfinished house, and a small woodlot. Everyone set to work, erected barns, hen houses and other necessary buildings, planted trees, shrubs, and flowers, and the family tried to make a living from the farm. They raised cattle, pigs, and chickens, grain for feed, and garden produce for their own use.

Then another blow fell. Mrs. Thack was laid low with arthritis so crippling that she could do nothing for herself or her four youngsters. The daily prayers of her family always included a request that her health be restored, "if it be thy will." After a time she was able to get about painfully with a cane.

"About this time I was feeling pretty sorry for myself," she said, "and as the children were asking for a small child to care for, I felt that it would be a good idea, too, to help me take my mind off myself."

The welfare agency brought her a little girl seventeen months old, who weighed only seventeen pounds. She was so badly afflicted with rickets she could not walk. Mrs. Thack's heart went out to the little girl and she prayed that she be allowed to see the child grow up strong and healthy. She vowed that if her health were restored so she could give her strength

Mrs. Thack with Rex Morgan and Tinkletoes

—Mrs. H. E. Anderson





—Mrs. H. E. Anderson

The six children now at home share in all the work

and care to the children, she would never ask for anything for herself again.

The little girl with the rickets is now a straight, slender girl of thirteen. Mrs. Thack is strong and husky with no signs of her painful, crippling malady.

All but one of her forty-four children are alive and, except for the six with her now, are scattered throughout the United States. Eleven were in the armed services, and a pair of twins, Earl and Ernie Kryman, are still serving Uncle Sam. The ages of her youngsters range from four and a half to forty. All but ten are married and have twenty-two children of their own, whom she, of course, considers her grandchildren.

The Thack family now includes six children, two dogs, seventeen cats, twenty cows, three pigs, chickens and two bowls of guppies. All the animals are named and are privileged pets. The dogs are Rex Morgan and Tinkletoes. Some of the cats are Powder Puff, Apple Dumpling, Daisybell, Parleevoo, Mrs. Peepers (formerly Mr. Peepers), Buttercup, and Sugar Plum. Until Thanksgiving there were two turkeys. The second was scheduled for the Christmas dinner. It was difficult to reconcile the youngsters to the appearance of their pets on the holiday table. They said they would rather have hot dogs or hamburgers.

Like most farm homes, there is much work to be done, so everybody has the responsibility of certain daily tasks, right down to the youngest child. The

work is shared, and so is the fun, and also the income from the surplus produce, which is divided among the children. All but the youngest ones have their own bank account.

At one time each child was given a musical instrument and there were high hopes of a family orchestra. This fell through for the usual reason: it took practice and more practice. Like Janice said, "I gave up because I had to spend so much time practicing I never had time to play any pieces."

Food buying in the Thack home is done practically on a wholesale basis. Mrs. Thack says she buys about 42 loaves of bread a week, flour in 100-pounds bags, peanut butter by the gallon, and honey by the case. Last winter, she said, they ate eight tons of squash, of which the children are very fond.

Washings are no cinch, as she has no automatic washer or dryer. Besides doing the housework, which is shared with the girls, Mrs. Thack has been a 4-H Club leader for eighteen years. She also finds time for her hobby of collecting shells, does a great deal of tatting and other fancywork.

"I have to start in June with my Christmas list," she explained.

The Thack home has no expensive furniture, thick rugs, or beautiful draperies, but there is plenty of good food and a warm fireside, in a home furnished sumptuously with love and laughter and God's blessing.

# Prayer of a Homemaker

By Ruth C. Ikerman

## Reading a New Book

### Dear Heavenly Father:

Now before us is a new book, passport to another adventure, whether of travel, exploration into scientific fact, or escape into fiction.

Hear our thanks for those who first introduced us to the wonder of the printed page: the mother who taught the alphabet patiently letter by letter, the teacher who explained how to use a library, the pastor who loved to read his Bible aloud. Keep in Thy care all those who teach youth from books.

Please accept our gratitude for the freedom to read as we choose and for the gift of sight and mental faculty. Guard well our hearts that we may be discriminating readers of that which is best.

Keep us alert to our responsibilities as readers to encourage those writers who in the midst of modern confusion try to hold aloft the truths of righteousness as proclaimed in The Book of Books.

*Amen.*

## Solution to Biblegram

Biblegram on page 15

"... Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of divination, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry . . ." (1 Samuel 15: 22-23)

### The Words

A Banana	L Ninth
B Kitten	M Toiled
C Quiet	N Noisy
D Sailor	O First
E Stiff	P Baths
F Nobody	Q Thorny
G Tiniest	R Farther
H Inches	S Abound
I Riches	T Brood
J Loafer	U Vision
K Alabama	V Needed
W Seats	

## The Kitten Who Wanted to Be a Squirrel

(Continued from page 18)

Grinsqui does. I'll bet I am a squirrel." "Don't you have to go home for lunch?" repeated Grinsqui. "I have to go now. Good-bye," he said as he jumped down from the stump. "See you after lunch."

"Huh-er-oh, are you going?" muttered Purrkin, deep in her own thoughts. She had not even heard what Grinsqui said, she was so absorbed with the idea of being a squirrel and living in a tree.

Grinsqui had been gone only a few minutes when Purrkin decided that the tree where Judy had her swing would be a good place to live. She knew she could climb up to that branch the swing was hung on. Grinsqui had climbed it easily enough this morning, and she could do anything Grinsqui could.

"I'll run from here, and run right up to that branch," Purrkin decided.

Purrkin ran up the tree all right. But it was not as easy as she had thought it would be. She looked down at the ground, far below. It made her feel dizzy. If she did not cling to the branch, she would surely slip and fall. She huddled close to the tree trunk

panting and frightened. How silly she had been to think she was a squirrel. Her mother would scold her. Then another horrible thought crossed her mind. How would she ever get down from this branch to go home to her mother? Mother would never know where to look for her. Purrkin began to cry, "Meow, meow."

Grinsqui, having excitedly described his new playmate to his parents between bites of lunch, soon came hopping across the lawn, accompanied by his mother and father. Grinsqui's parents wanted to see this kitten who played with squirrels.

Purrkin's mother and her other two kittens were also hurrying across the yard in search of Purrkin.

Grinsqui heard Purrkin crying. He looked all around. Her cries seemed to come from overhead, but what would a kitten be doing in a tree? Grinsqui looked up at the branch where the swing was hung, and sure enough, there sat Purrkin.

"There she is!" cried Grinsqui.

The Grey Squirrels looked up in surprise. This certainly was a strange kitten Grinsqui had been playing with, sitting in trees and crying. Grinsqui ran up to the branch where Purrkin sat.

"Er, uh," he cleared his throat. "What are you crying about, and what are you doing up here, anyway?" he added.

Purrkin turned her head slowly. Then she told Grinsqui about her wanting to be a squirrel and live in a tree. "Only now I can't get down, and my mother doesn't know where I am," she added. Then she began to cry harder than ever.

Purrkin's mother arrived at that moment. Grinsqui scrambled down the tree and landed almost on her back.

"Purrkin can't get down," he panted.

"What's this?" Purrkin's mother cried.

The squirrels and the cat all began making noise, chattering and meowing. Purrkin just huddled against the tree and cried.

"What's all the commotion?" said a voice behind them. It was Judy. Hearing the chattering and meowing in the yard, and she had come out to investigate. Looking up at the tree where the cats and the squirrels were excitedly calling encouragement to Purrkin, Judy saw the kitten clinging to the branch where her swing was hung.

"Oh, my!" cried Judy, "I will have to get Daddy to bring the stepladder and help Purrkin down from the tree. Why did she ever climb up there? There was no dog here to chase her. What a foolish little kitten."

Purrkin was soon rescued. She continued to play with Grinsqui after that, and Judy was pleased to see a squirrel and a kitten playing together. Judy never knew why Purrkin had climbed the tree but Purrkin never tried to be a squirrel again. She was happy just to be a kitten whose mother and sisters loved her.

In this article Nancy Brewer offers a new approach to birthday giving—one which should appeal to those who believe that gift-giving occasions have become too commercial

# Birthday Gifts

The ten-year-old boy next door had invited George over to see his birthday gifts. Since the family had lived in the brown bungalow next door to our big, old-fashioned, white house only a few weeks, George was still in the discovery stage of the boy's likes and dislikes; his possessions and his habits.

Though Ronnie asked George to stay awhile and play with him, our own ten-year-old was soon home again. He could hardly wait until supper time arrived and all of his family were present to hear his latest discoveries about the new neighbor.

Breathlessly he began, "He just got everything—some of the toys he already had over again. Of course, they were lots newer and better, but the old ones would have done a while longer—until Christmas at least."

He stopped talking to eat several bites of mashed potatoes and steak before he made the announcement that told us without any explanation why he had come home so soon instead of staying to play with the new toys.

"And what do you think?" he began, "He didn't give anyone else a present on his birthday. He thought it was funny because we always give someone a present on our birthdays. And his mother said, 'I don't suppose you make much over birthdays with so many children in the family.'"

Indignant expressions came from all sides. Robert, the oldest, began, "Why didn't you tell her that we each got a beating from all the others?" "Or a few castoff toys from our older brothers and sisters?" Mary Jean added.

Henry, my husband, managed to get a question in then. "Would you like the way Ronnie's birthday is celebrated better than you do the way you help celebrate yours?" he asked.

George shook his dark head. "If mine had been like his, I wouldn't get to be the honored guest for the day and Uncle Ben Wilson wouldn't have got his new songbook," he returned. "And then he wouldn't have made me all those whistles."

At that we all laughed. But our laughter was gentle for after all a ten-year-old boy still likes to have material gifts in return for those he gives. Too, he had pulled a great many weeds to earn money for

the songbook for the aged pensioner he calls "Uncle Ben." And very beautifully he had acquired the habit of our home of sharing birthday happiness with some person who needs more happiness.

It was long, long ago when our mother established the program for observing birthdays that we still follow in our home. The year she started it was a lean year for everyone, especially lean for parsonage families like our own. And Marcia, the oldest sister in our home, whose birthday was less than a week away, was most enthusiastic and gracious in the way she told Mother she would "just love" to have a birthday party like Mother had planned, instead of "store gifts."

In short, she was to be the family guest for the day. We other children were to take over her chores. She could sleep as late as she wanted. If she wanted this service, her breakfast would be taken to her room. She could select the foods she wanted for the day, and the way she wanted them cooked.

Marcia didn't sleep late on that day because she wanted hot biscuits and sunshine strawberry preserves for breakfast. She herself went down into the parsonage cellar for the preserves. She came up, carrying two pint jars of preserves.

"Mother, can I give one of these to Dr. Parker?" she asked. "They're his favorite kind of preserves as well as mine. Do you remember how Mrs. Parker was away from home taking care of her sick mother when strawberries were ripe? When he stopped to see the stone bruise on Donnie's foot, and I was putting the plates with our preserves out in the sunshine, he told us they were his favorite kind, sort of sorry like because his wife wouldn't get to make any. And he hardly ever charges Father for coming here."

When Malcolm's birthday came the next month, he carried half of his birthday cake to a classmate who

by nancy brewer

was kept out of school on account of a broken leg. And after that, we followed the example of our eldest brother and sister, and made a small gift to some person who needed one on each of our birthdays.

Even after the lean years had passed, there were no elaborate birthday gifts in our home. Instead the day was one of service for the "honored guest"—service from the other members of the family and a gift for someone outside our home who needed it.

We finished Marcia's birthday with a drive to a woody cliff overlooking the Ohio River. The picnic supper held surprise food for Marcia. And at Mother's direction no one suggested, not even Father, a ride in a skiff on the river, for we knew it made Marcia nervous for us to do that since no one except Father was an expert swimmer.

Even before the children were born we carried out the same birthday pattern in the home Henry and I established. And what happy memories the children have of those birthdays—days which were joyous as anniversaries of the day on which someone we loved very much came into our home!

Today many people are beginning to believe in the gift of service for special days—birthdays, Mother's Day, Father's Day, and Children's Day. And to make that gift alluring, like all other gifts, it must be wrapped in beautiful wrappings.

On one of Henry's birthdays, Robert, then twelve years old, had his art teacher at school sketch a pair of men's shoes on an Alice Blue (his father's favorite color) card. Beside them he wrote a boyish verse in which he told his father his gift was the care of his shoes during the coming year.

Eleanor made a tiny design of buttons on the card on which she asked me to leave the boys' and Henry's shirts in her room when buttons were missing from them so she could sew them on as her birthday gift to me.

And on his ninth birthday George asked for a picnic in a state park as the family's gift to him, stipulating that each have a box lunch so he could eat it when fishing or hunting on the trails for Indian artifacts when noon arrived. "It just ruins a picnic to have to come in and eat off a white table-cloth spread on one of those tables like the girls want to have," he told us. "Just 'cause they can't rough it," he finished.

So early on that birthday morning while George still slept, his sister and I packed box lunches. We also packed a picnic supper in the regular picnic hamper, including in its contents a white tablecloth and colorful paper dishes. And no child's eyes shone as much as did the gray ones of George when he came back from the trail with his chums and saw us spreading the white cloth on the table for supper though it was not yet five o'clock.

Service giving is contagious too. Some of the children's chums have adopted it for members of their families. And one of the Scout troops in our town gave as a gift to an aged couple on an anniversary of their marriage "yard service for the year." And on many summer days we saw Boy Scouts cutting their grass or digging in the garden. Nor did the aged man worry when it snowed, for he knew some Scout would be up early to clean his walks before school time.

I have heard many parents say, "We've stopped observing birthdays. It's grown too expensive."

At such times, I always try to wonder what Donnie, our youngest, would say at such an announcement in our home. It would be heartbreaking to miss his gay little promise when he comes to breakfast on a birthday, "I'm going to try to make you as happy today as you were on the day I came into this house."

\* \* \*

Birthdays should always be happy days in a home; and they cannot be in homes where happiness depends on the value of material gifts one receives. Only the parents can establish and build up this idea. And the custom, though most easily established when the children are tiny, can be started when they are older. I know, for we were not tiny children when it was started in our home by our mother. I also know that the happiness on those anniversaries carried through depression and years of plenty alike.

## WILBUR



"... 937, 938, 939 ... Say, Pop, ever tried counting raindrops?"



# A Spook's Special Spree

Come one, come all  
'Tis our Halloween call,  
Inviting you to our spree;  
There'll be spooks and ghosts,  
And weird-looking hosts,  
We hope you'll be here to see.  
  
ate Place Time  
those who wish may come sheeted  
and masked.

Young, old, and in-betweens can enjoy a jolly get-together of this nature, and it is such an easy kind of party for which to plan, because the same general decorations, goblins, and refreshments are typical of Halloween year after year.

Orange and black are the chosen colors for the jack-o'-lanterns, witches, bats, black cats, and spiders among which the white ghosts and spooks glide mysteriously. If the corners of the rooms are stacked with corn stalks, from which peep scarecrows and jack-o'-lanterns, then black and orange-colored crepe paper streamers can be festooned about doorways and windows, and suspended from the ceilings. Dim the lights as much as possible, using only an orange-colored bulb here and there where necessary.

A scarecrow with a jack-o'-lantern head meets the guests at the door and indicates where they may remove their wraps. Those who have come in costume are given numbers to be pinned on so that the guests may guess their identity. The costumed figure which remains unknown the longest, receives a prize later in the evening.

Games for all ages will be going on during the party, but a good

one with which to start the hilarity is the following.

**The Ghost That Wasn't There.** All the guests, big and little, may take part in this game. One person is chosen to be the witch that makes the ghost disappear. The witch is handed a small bell or whistle. All the players, including the witch, keep moving about the room talking to each other. The witch, without being noticed by the others, tags some player who instantly becomes a ghost and must as quietly and quickly as possible work his way to a door leading out into another room or hall. This is not too hard to accomplish in the semidarkness of the room. The ghost remains hidden, the witch blows her whistle, and the other players try to guess the name of the ghost who is not in the room. The first one to guess who it is receives a paper drinking straw. At the end of the game, the player having collected the most straws, wins the award.

**The Halloween Hop.** (For girls only.) Divide the players into two or more teams of equal size and line the contestants up behind the starting tape. At the opposite end of the room place as many wastebaskets as there are teams. In each basket have previously placed all the scary, clammy, fuzzy Halloween objects of which you can think: rabbit tails; cold, slimy pickles; wire springs that quiver to the touch; cold damp olives that feel like cat eyes; pieces of chain that clank against the sides of the tin wastebaskets; small rubber snakes that

coil when you touch them; wigs of hair; kid gloves filled with sand and crushed ice; and so forth.

At the starting signal the leader of each team must start toward the baskets, hopping on one foot. The baskets have been placed so that there is no light near them, and in the semidarkness the racers must each reach into the basket belonging to her team, secure some object from the basket and as quickly as possible start hopping back again to the starting line, with the object in her hand, to touch off the number two hopper in her line. If at any point going or returning, a contestant lets her upraised foot touch the floor, she must at once return and start all over again. The real fun, however, comes when the girls reach into the dark baskets and try to secure one of the ghostly objects. 'Tis a brave girl, indeed, who can keep her mind on winning the race when her hand comes in contact with the Halloween collection. The team whose last contestant is first to return to her original place, with a ghostly object in her possession, wins the race.

**Halloween Jack - o' - lantern.** For the children, have suspended from the ceiling a large paper Jack-o'-lantern containing hard candies, each piece wrapped in orange-colored cellophane paper. Let the children draw numbers from another paper jack-o'-lantern, and the child drawing the lowest number becomes the witch. A tall, black-paper witch's hat is placed on the winning child's head, he is handed a broomstick,

# Books for the Hearth Side

## FOR CHILDREN

blindfolded, and told to find and hit the paper jack-o'-lantern with his broomstick. When he succeeds, usually after several tries, the paper breaks, and the candies spill out all over the floor, where the laughing children scramble merrily to collect their share.

**A Halloween Hold Up.** For a large group this stunt is ideal. A team consists of six members. Each team forms a circle, each player placing his left hand on his left hip, and with the right hand extended toward the center of the circle he grasps his share of the edge of a plate held by all the members of that team.

In each plate are placed the same number of objects that roll easily, such as an egg (hard-boiled of course, but this the players do not know), an orange, a Ping-pong or golf ball, and so forth. The players march around in a circle to music, and the contest is to see which group can avoid spilling any object from its plate. This will take the cooperative skill and concentration of each player to accomplish. If an object rolls off a plate, that team must retire from the contest. The last team left on the floor, wins.

If one desires to make this contest doubly difficult, have the music stopped at various times, and while there is no music the players on each team must all turn in the opposite direction, putting their right hands on their right hips, and holding onto the plates with their left hands. To do this they must be careful that they do not all let loose of the plate at the same time. The marching starts again in the opposite direction whenever the music continues.

Bobbing for apples, telling fortunes in various ways, and all the other old Halloween stunts should be kept going during the entire evening for the amusement of young and older folk.

The usual Halloween refreshments of doughnuts and cider cannot be improved upon, but pumpkin pie and coffee may be added if desired.

This kind of Halloween celebration is one that will bear repeating year after year.

## FOR YOUTH

Your small ones will delight in two books just issued by the Warner Press, Anderson, Indiana. **The Bible Story ABC Book**, by Arlene Hall, uses the familiar format of the ABC book but bases it on twenty-six Bible stories, ten from the Old Testament and sixteen from the New Testament. The art work is by H. O. Richards and is beautifully done in full color. A companion volume of the same size is **Tiny Tot Songs**, edited by Paul E. Bierstedt, and illustrated by Dorothy Handsaker Scott. Several familiar songs for the wee ones and a number of new ones (new to this reviewer) are included and charmingly illustrated in full color. Each book will cost you \$1.00, but will be money well spent.

**Jesus Lights the Sabbath Lamp**, by James S. Tippett (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 1953. Price, \$1.00), might be called a twentieth-century addition to the New Testament *Apocrypha*. It is an imaginary story of Jesus and his family getting ready for the sabbath. But it might very well have happened this way and your small ones, just beginning to read, will delight in it. Doris Stolberg has illustrated it very attractively in black and white, two-color and four-color drawings.

**Devotions for Boys and Girls**, by William L. Woodall (Association Press, New York, 1953. 64 pages, price \$1.50), is a little book of devotional readings planned for boys and girls from seven to fourteen years of age. The meditations seem weighted a little heavily toward the upper end of this age scale and probably would be better used by the nine-to-fourteen age bracket. These fifty-six "meetings with God" are organized quite formally with a topic, a scripture reading, a brief and interesting interpretation of the topic, and a short closing prayer. Each devotional theme is also illustrated with a line drawing by Politzer. Many incidents and stories from modern life are used to make the meditations more meaningful to the experience of the children.

Girls and boys able to read for themselves will enjoy **Stories of Jesus**, by Ethel L. Smither (Abingdon Press, 1954. 80 pages. Price, \$1.50). Eleven stories are related by the author, an experienced Bible scholar and teacher. They are beautifully illustrated by Kurt Wiese. A book of new stories about Jesus should appear regularly in every home where there are children.

Your puzzled teen-agers will be a little less puzzled about themselves if you put Alberta Z. Brown's **The Seven Teen Years** (Bethany Press, 1954. 95 pages. Price, \$1.50) in their hands. They will be sure to read it once they get hold of it. Its cover will tease them to open it; its table of contents will persuade them to go further; its humorous drawings (by Bill Jackson) will encourage them to start reading; and its lively, penetrating, down-to-earth good sense and good reading will keep them at it. Its ten chapters carry these pungent titles: Your Body, Your Home, Your Education, Your Money, Your Leisure, Your Friends, Your Attitudes, Your Religion, Your World, Your Future—Stars in Your Dreams. Mrs. Brown knows her teen-agers and speaks their language.

Parents who are timid, reluctant, or baffled as to how to tell their growing boys what they should know about sex will find **Into Manhood**, by Roy E. Dickerson (Association Press, New York, 1954. 118 pages. Price, \$2.00), a very great help. It is written especially for boys who are just at the threshold of adolescence, the pre-teens or early teens. This book sets forth in forthright fashion the facts that boys should and want to know, but about which they are likely to have many mistaken ideas. The author, who also wrote the widely popular *So Youth May Know*, has worked in this field for many years and has given boys a book that will help them gain intelligent control over this tremendous power. Every twelve- to fifteen-year-old boy should be given this book.

Teen-agers looking for short stories for and about themselves will find them in **The Years Between**, adapted by Frances T. Humphreville and distinctively illustrated by Ati Forberg (Scott, Foresman and Co., Chicago, 1953. 345 pages. Price, \$2.00). These twelve stories were printed in various magazines and were selected by the students of Mrs. Humphreville for their interest to them. She then adapted them for reading purposes. All were written by well-known authors whose stories appear regularly in leading magazines. The book may be read for individual enjoyment, teachers of teen-agers could well use it for illustrative purposes, and it could be used as the basis of group discussions.

# Family Counselor

WE HAVE a boy, fourteen, an only child. . . . I don't know whether we are trying to make him grow up too fast. . . . We have tried very hard not to spoil him. He does not make good grades in school because he doesn't try. All his teachers say he has a very good head but he doesn't use it. We thought perhaps a little competition might help but he resents that. We have tried it with cousins, neighbors, etc., but decided that was out. . . . He is content to stay home with us. I have had several boys here for meals and to spend the night but he doesn't care even to go to his cousin's to stay. When he does go he always has a swell time. He has never gone to CYF and was asked to go to a district meeting last Sunday. He said at the breakfast table he was going but changed his mind by the time dinner was over and would not go. We mentioned there were more than 800 there but he didn't think he missed a thing. We belong to church seven miles away. He is in school in another town. He doesn't care to go to church but usually gets ready when he sees I am going. Should we change and go to the church near us where he goes to school?

He doesn't seem to try to finish things. He was in 4-H hog work and had bad luck with his hogs and we cannot get him to try again. We want him to know how to work and where money comes from. He has never had an allowance but we usually give him money every week and extra at vacation time. He is a swell worker when he is on a tractor but I know that is natural. He knows how to work and if it is something he likes he stays with it but if he gets tired he doesn't finish except under pressure. I am afraid he is forming a bad habit of "getting by," and we don't know what we are doing that is wrong. He is taking "beans and corn" in 4-H. He was elected to the entertainment committee but says he will not act. His dad and I are assistants to the leader and are trying to get him to do his part. They say "if you confide in a child, he will in you." We are telling him everything that happens at home when he is away but he never tells us a thing and never has even as a small child.

YOU certainly are to be commended not only for your desire for your son to develop the ability to stick with whatever he begins, but also your willingness to change your methods of approach when you realize they will not work. I am thinking especially of your realizing that comparing him with his cousins or

neighbors doesn't motivate him to do better work himself. Incidentally, such a method seldom does. I am wondering if perhaps you are not trying too hard to make him just the kind of boy you want him to be, rather than to accept him as he is and help him become the kind of boy and man his temperament and interests demand. It is so easy for parents with an only child to want that child to fulfill all their dreams—to be a student, to have an outgoing personality that will make him popular with others, to show musical skill, and to put others to shame because of his excellent work habits. Perhaps unconsciously you have yielded to this temptation yourself. It may be your son never will be an "A" grade student or a fine musician. But evidently he does pretty well what he is interested in and wants to do. And although he needs to be helped to learn how to finish what he starts, even though the going is hard, don't expect of him in this respect a maturity of behavior that many adults do not possess. Ask yourself if perhaps you have "nagged" him a bit more than you should have because of poor grades, or his lack of interest in going to social and church gatherings, or working on entertainment committees. Show an interest in the things he is interested in and encourage their development.

Let me suggest, also, that you start giving him a regular allowance, rather than doling out money to him in irregular amounts. If his friends go to the church in your community and he thinks he might be happier in it than the one so far away, seriously consider changing your church membership. If he doesn't want to confide in you, don't feel hurt but realize that he evidently has a "nonconfiding" temperament! And remember that youngsters of his age have to have a little pressure to cause them to complete what they are doing, especially if they are tired. It may be that 4-H club leaders whom he admires, or Boy Scout leaders, or others, may be able, better than you, to make him realize the importance of finishing a job he starts. As you accept him for what he is and try to understand him, you probably will find that he increasingly accepts and carries through responsibilities given to him. This will take time, however, so be patient.

*Donaed M. Maynard*



### One Family Under God

That is the heart of the significance of World Communion Sunday, observed on October 3 all over the world. As Christians gather together in their various houses of worship to share in the "body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ" they do so as the family of God, sitting together at one Supper Table.

The importance of that conception has not been fully realized by Christians. When it is really understood and truly lived, we will come closer to achieving the one world which so captured the imaginations of people a few years ago.

For two reasons you will want to take your family with you to share in that observance. First of all, it is the spiritual responsibility of every Christian to "Do this in remembrance" of our common Lord and Savior. It is a significant part of the commitment we make when we become followers of the Master. From this Table no man is barred except him who will not come. Second, it is a spiritual opportunity to experience more fully the oneness of mankind through Jesus Christ.

Incidentally, if you are among those whose absences from the sanctuary are frequent during the summer, this is a good Sunday to renew the habit of regular attendance at worship.

### Halloween and Vandalism

There once was a time when the youthful exuberance that expressed itself in rather wanton destruction of property was limited quite largely to Halloween. Such is no longer the case. Many influences have brought a great change in the way the "spirits of the spooks are appeased." Energies are being drained off in other directions these days, like contests in window painting conducted by merchants, community parties, and other constructive approaches to the problem.

But there seems to be evidence that vandalism is a growing issue in American cities. The March,

1954, issue of *Federal Probation*, published by the United States Courts, is almost wholly devoted to this problem. Eight prominent authorities in the field of juvenile behavior address themselves to various aspects of this social phenomenon.

One leader is convinced that there is no great percentage of increase in vandalism except as related to the increase in the juvenile population. He does point out, however, that this is a field in which not enough work has been done in attempting to solve it.

Although the experts feel that much of the blame is to be laid at the door of the youth element, they also believe that the answer to it is probably to be found in the home.

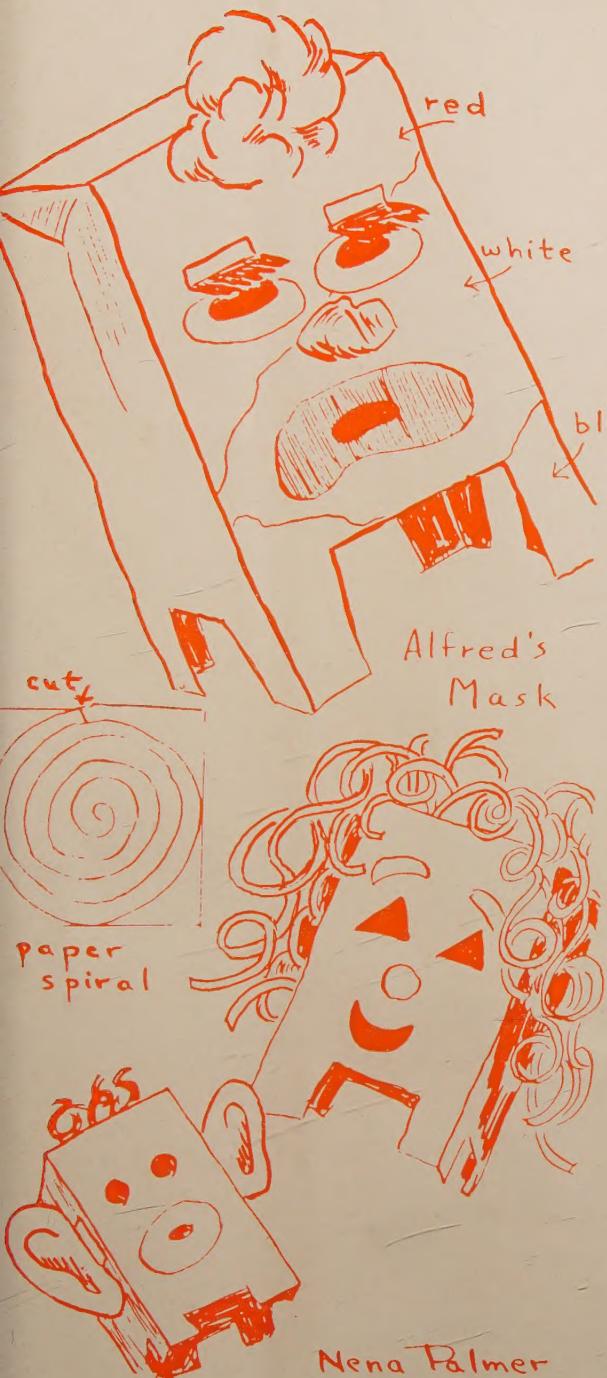
The home and the church surely have an opportunity as well as a responsibility here. Church leaders in family life will find *Federal Probation Quarterly* a valuable resource of information and help. It can be secured merely by writing to the above named publication, Supreme Court Building, Washington 13, D. C.

### Your Family and Politics

During this month the political pot will be boiling furiously leading up to the off-year election in November. Every radio and TV station will have a large share of broadcast time devoted to the claims of the various candidates. (By the way, the word itself comes from the Latin term, *candidatus*, meaning one who is clothed in white. We are afraid many of those white robes will be badly muddied if this election runs true to form.)

It would be good family discipline and practice for citizenship if your family group indulged in a little politicking. (Not the mud-slinging variety.) A calm careful, objective (if possible) weighing of the issues and the persons would be good training for all involved. It would be well to remember that the case for either side is never all black or all white.

So why not dangle your family feet in the political waters a bit, but do it with a Christian spirit?



# Halloween Masks

By Nena Palmer



HAVE YOU EVER made masks out of paper bags? You have no idea how much fun it is until you have tried it! And if you already know about it, here are some new ideas that are more fun than ever.

All you really need is a paper bag about eight inches wide, a pair of scissors and colored crayons or paint. But you can add to these all sorts of things, especially if you are making masks in a group. Gold and silver paint, wads of cotton, all sorts of bright-colored paper add to the fun. And what you need most of all is lots of imagination!

Cut the paper bag so it is eleven inches long, and cut pieces out of the four lower sides, as shown in the pictures, so that it will fit down over your head. Now, figure where your eyes and mouth will be, and cut holes for them, whatever shape you like. Try to make them as funny as possible.

Now, with paint, paste, paper, etc., decorate your mask. Have you ever seen pictures of the masks the Indians make in Arizona and New Mexico, or the native tribes in Africa? You don't have to copy them, but it will give you some ideas if you remember what they are like.

The large picture I have drawn is a mask that Alfred made last year, and after he had used it, it was such fun that we tacked it up on the wall to look at. Maybe your Mom would like to do that, or you could put it up to decorate your own room.

Alfred painted the lower part blue, and half the face white, and the other half red. Then he put a big gold line around the mouth and eyes. He painted three pieces of paper silver. Two of these he folded and pasted over the eyes for eyebrows. The other piece was wadded up for the nose. A silly bob of bright red cotton is on top of the head. It really is a wonderful mask!

You can cut spirals of paper, any color you wish, and paste them on for hair. You can make big red ears to stick out on the sides. Or you can make long white whiskers out of cotton (or green ones, if you prefer!). Once you get started, there isn't any end to the ideas you'll want to try.

These masks are wonderful for wearing on Halloween, but they also make grand decorations for a party at home, or at scouts, or in church school. If you have a lot of them pinned around the wall you're all ready for a spooky party, and everyone will know they are going to have lots of fun! You could even have a table full of materials for masks and have your guests make them for one of the games at the party.

# The cat that swallowed the canary?

NO—just the cat that  
followed the Golden Rule  
and shared his hearthstone



**H**e used to be so selfish and thoughtless that he even disliked himself. It made him feel mean and l-o-w as a polecat, and that is just the way he acted.



**B**ut sharing brought friends to his hearthstone and a warm glow of happiness, self-respect and love of others to his heart. Go ahead—take a bow, Mr. Christian Cat!



## Moral:

**I**f you enjoy HEARTHSTONE, "The Magazine for the Christian Home," why not share your copy or send a gift subscription to a friend:

to shut-in persons

to professional men (for waiting rooms)

to new neighbors

to the church library

to church teachers

to community libraries

to class recreation leaders

to others in your family elsewhere

to newlyweds

to new parents

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